





kin gin him a choice of we'pons all the way from a jackass battery down to a pop-gun!"

The giant's eyes now fell upon the figure of Gold Dan. He gave a start, brought his brow down upon his thigh with a slap that sounded like the report of a pistol. "Wa'al, dum'n I've seen you afore, pilgrim! Shake!" and he made an affectionate rush at the plainsman and shook hands with him vigorously. "It's a heap of years since we paddled our canoes together!"

"Yes, you remember me, Gold Dan, eh?" the plainsman replied, with a searching glance into the face of the other.

"Sartin, in course! Why I knowed you was my antelope the moment I set eyes on you; but, I say, whar's the man that was a-howling for a pistol?"

The Mormons had taken advantage of the interruption, afforded by the giant's entrance, to gather around Googer and endeavor to persuade him to give up his purpose of meeting the plainsman in a pistol encounter.

"You fool! he'll settle your hash, dead sure!" cried one.

"You won't stand any chance at all!" declared another.

"He's a dead-shot!" exclaimed a third.

But they might as well have talked to the winds as by producing an impression was concerned. The blood of the beaten Mormon was up and nothing but a duel to the death would satisfy him.

A fair type of the average follower of the Latter Day Saints was Googer—a brutal, ignorant fellow, with very little more brains than a bull dog, and possessed of the dogged ferocity that is the characteristic of that brute.

"I want a revolver and I don't want no talk!" he cried, bluntly. "I reckon that I'm as good a shot as he is, or any two like 'im!"

"Let him have his way," Clark said, contentedly. "Give him a revolver, some of you, and you had better make your will, Googer, for this fellow will be pretty sure to settle you."

Googer, busily engaged in examining the revolver which one of his companions had handed him, merely growled; his rage was so great that he could hardly speak.

The Mexican, Castana, the proprietor of the saloon, who had been a quiet witness to the scene which had transpired, now thought it time to interfere.

"Gentlemen, let me suggest that you adjourn to the street," he said, in his quiet, snaky way. "The moon is bright—there is plenty of light, and it is a far more suitable place."

"Yes, to the street!" Clark exclaimed; "we need air and room."

And then the Mormons at once poured through the door, taking the unwilling Googer with them; the angry Briton hated for an instant even to lose sight of his foe.

"And was that the 'oon that wanted the pistol?" the red-shirted giant cried, "and he wanted it for to slew you with! Wa'al, dum'n my luck! an' I was a-gwine to lend him one of my pop-guns; an' he's one of the Mormons, too, I reckon—the cusses that wrastle with five wives, when one is enuff to make a mule sick; but you kin salivate him, I reckon."

"I can try," the plainsman replied, quietly.

This conversation took place as the two were passing through the door, following the lead of the Mormons.

The moonlit street did indeed give ample scope for the designs of the men who were about to stand up opposite to each other in mortal encounter.

All the men within the saloon had marched into the street anxious to behold the shooting match, and even the dark-eyed Queen of Monte, dashing Kate of Durango, through the open door of the saloon watched the proceedings intently.

The Mormons had gone up the street two or three hundred yards and were clustered together; Gold Dan leaned carelessly against one of the awning-posts of the saloon waiting for the ball to open.

The bystanders generally had selected positions from whence a full view of the fight could be had without danger of stopping a ball. In these street encounters the bystanders are generally exposed to about as much peril as the actual duellists themselves.

Long John Clark left the Mormon group and advanced down the street to where the plainsman was standing.

"Are you all ready?" he asked.

"Yes," Gold Dan replied.

"So is the party yonder; are you willing that I shall give the signal for the thing to commence?"

"I've no objection."

"I'll do the square thing, you may depend upon it; you're almost a stranger to me, and maybe I'm the same to you, but I reckon that there isn't a human on top of this earth that can say that John Clark ever took a mean advantage of the man that trusted him. I'm no coward to you, stranger, and I shouldn't be sorry to see you get the worst of it, but you shall have a fair show as far as this fight is concerned."

"That's all I ask," the plainsman replied, quickly, "and as to your friendship or hatred, I despise the one and laugh at the other. This fool forced the quarrel on me and yet I don't seek his life, although the moment he gets within the range of my revolver, I reckon I shall hold the fee simple of it. But, go ahead with your bird's eggging; I'm ready for you."

"I'll take a position midway between you two," Clark said, a scowl upon his dark face, caused by the bold words of the scout. "At the word 'one,' you will step out into the middle of the street, at 'two' advance and open fire."

"All right, go ahead!"

"Clark turned upon his heel and walked up the street about a hundred yards, retired to the side of the road, and with his strong, clear voice gave the first signal:

"One!"

The two antagonists stepped out into the middle of the street, and then came a sudden shout, followed by the cry of a mortally wounded man.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

"WHEN is the best time to pick apples?" This is a very simple question. The best time for such work is when the farmer is not looking and there is no big dog in the orchard.

A YELLOW citizen of this republic approached the clerk of a Tennessee County Court, and, prefacing his remarks with a roll of currency, said: "I's lived free' d' worl' so fur 'lone, I's took it hot an' col'. I's 'sperienced dese trials in comfort an' out. De freests has drove dis chile to de wall long 'nough. He 'sposes to fortify 'gainst de dills of life. Give dis 'ere chile papers to unite him on—in dem bounds of matrimony."

## UNSPOKEN QUESTION.

BY E. FOXTON.

I mount to your chamber. Your slow, pillowed head, At the sound of my name turns. I sit by your bed; And we smile, and we chat on the news of the day; And I know, and you know, you are passing away.

But up to my lips, as the tears to my eyes, To be forced back, surge questions that find no replies.

Do you think my light glance, in your face firm as was, Take no note of the trenches which nearer are drawn, Day by day by the foe that lays siege to your life? Are you glad to be led, in mid-beat, from the strife Of earth's straining race-course, to hide eye and ear?

From the glare of men's gaze and the noise of their cheers, And, weary enough, in the dust to lie down, Forgetting the race and foregoing the crown? Or, more sharp than the pangs of the flesh, to the soul?

Is to be within sight—out of reach—of your goal? Does your soul, as the foot of the spoiler draws might, Bow down to the pit or lay hold on the sky? Can you catch, through the valley you walk to—any place alone,

Any glimpse afar of the Lamb on the throne? Shall you lean, as you tread the steep brink of the grave,

On the arm of the One who is mighty to save? When sleep's silent chambers have drawn in the crowd,

When the town's voice grows low and the clock's voice grows loud, When up to your ear from the pavement comes faint

The step of the sinner or late-serving saint—When pain from your pillow drives slumber away, And the night-lamp burns down with its dull, sickly ray,

And the drowsy nurse nods, like a punctual ghost, Glides in grim R. Morse to keep watch at her post? Or does Conscience stand by, a comforting friend,

As you lie here and wait, with your deeds at an end—Lie waiting for judgment, while Time his last word

For you says, ere Eternity's sentence is heard? Though many are nearer, and some are more dear, Unto me, yet, oh friend of many a long year,

If some might be warmer, none ever more true, As I think and believe, have been toward me than you!

When the slow but sharp strands on your thread shall be shut,

Can you see how one strand of my own will be cut, Intertwined—slender, still of its fairest in glow,

Down into the dark in your coffin to go? I know not, and now I may scarce look to know—So near Death leans o'er you to set his great seal To your silence on all that you fear, or you feel.

Thus I query and muse, and we finish our talk And I go forth alone in the sunshine to walk, Strong in health and purpose, but under a weight That trends on my heart like the foot of your Fate—

Go onning sad dirges and dreariest verse, Through the streets you shall traverse anon in your haste,

And next your white lips will have murmured their last, And your voice have become as the voice of the past,

And my thoughts must stray back from the flood-ides of men, To a bleak, empty chamber! What then—and what then?

And he picked up the paper from the floor at his feet, and began to read it.

Page after page he turned; those first scenes in his memory like a flash, how sweet, how true, how white-souled she had seemed—the noblest woman he had ever seen; he had fondly believed this then! Oh, fickle, dead heart, how was it you could nurture such loathsome impulses in your gentle bosom! Ah, here comes the confession—the story of the night which exposed the wife's infidelity and parted them forever. What! she never loved Jonathan! What! repulsed him!—abhorred him! Bah! a lying tale to extort money.

And then, as the confession of every trifle faithfully reproduced—the whole dire scene painted by an eye-witness—by the principal actor himself. No forgery—no ruse; God's truth, revealed at last.

Oh, the years! the years! How many? And Ada, innocent Ada, injured Ada! Oh God! could you not have opened his eyes sooner? Dear, angel Ada, abandoned without a chance of self-defense, broken-hearted!

The man laid down the paper on the arm of his chair, his face grimed, and his whole frame shuddered with grief.

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one else had melted away, and when the first dimness of emotion had passed from Monica's eyes and she could look up, the master of Dornoch-Weald was seated before her in the chair for two or three moments both were silent; the alteration in each startled and shocked the other with unexpected force; besides, Monica was looking consciously upon her father, and Derwent was in the presence of the enigma which had lurked in his thoughts ever since he had first seen her.

Here was the strongest emotion; it urged her first to speak.

How terribly you have suffered!" she said, faintly, and with a look of the greatest dread upon her face, in which Gladly had enthroned her, upon her knees, she bent her lovely piteous face and kissed, with lips that trembled, his pale hand.

Derwent, deeply moved, gently caressed her glossy little head with his free hand, murmuring in low sweet tones that had not been heard in his voice for nineteen years:

"And you, sweet child, why have you risked your life for mine?"

Still kneeling, Monica took a paper from her belt, and smoothed it open on his knee. He marvelled at the rich blush which warmed her cold cheek, at the quick swelling and panting of her bosom—at the eloquent glance, blending entreaty with pity, love with tender reproach, which her brilliant eyes flashed upon him; then he looked at the paper, and saw this heading:

"JONATHAN BRADDE'S CONFESSION."

The master of Dornoch had neither heard nor uttered this name for nineteen years, yet it lived in his memory like a flaw in a gem, robbing it of all its value. It was a name synonymous with all that was base, black and tormenting; it was the devil's pitchfork with which he could stir up the deepest hell-fire of the man's soul.

As he looked his sight was blasted; his whole face changed dreadfully; his mouth twitched and curled in a demonic snarl.

He rose roughly, letting the fair woman drop apart as she charmed, and low, venomous curse hissed upon her tingling ear.

Still kneeling in unconscious symbolism of the pleading and humble attitude of her spirit toward him; with her angelic countenance raised imploringly, and her sweet eyes raining tears, she said:

"Only read it—oh, surely you will do me—do her that justice! Have you not judged her unheard long enough?"

He stooped over her; his blazing eyes seemed seeking to pierce her through.

"What?" he demanded he, suddenly grown dead calm.

Monica had narrowly escaped saying "my mother." That would be to begin at the wrong end of the disclosure. She shrunk from confessing her own sin, but she would not, until she had her innocence proven, he would of himself have read it for his daughter.

He read her reluctance, her fear and longing, and all passion sunk like a fire quenched by a sea. In another moment he was gasping and groping among the overwhelming tide of ideas which surged over him.

He sunk back in his seat, grasping the young girl with involuntary ardor and drawing her toward him, then pushing her away with a seething cry:

"Oh, girl, whoever you are, keep eternal silence—unless I bid you speak!"

And he picked up the paper from the floor at his feet, and began to read it.

Page after page he turned; those first scenes in his memory like a flash, how sweet, how true, how white-souled she had seemed—the noblest woman he had ever seen; he had fondly believed this then! Oh, fickle, dead heart, how was it you could nurture such loathsome impulses in your gentle bosom! Ah, here comes the confession—the story of the night which exposed the wife's infidelity and parted them forever. What! she never loved Jonathan! What! repulsed him!—abhorred him! Bah! a lying tale to extort money.

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### A HEART HISTORY: OR, BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET

To Commence in No. 403.

is one of this delightful and popular author's most powerful and interesting works. It is a singularly sweet exposition of the mysteries and unconfessed faith of a young girl's heart, but of the ways of the world that are so hard to travel, for unwary feet, it is a strong, stern presentation. A firm hand the author has to paint woman's human nature, in all its subtlety and all its instinctive nobility; while in

unmasking a "Man of the World" she has given us a startling and most impressive social revelation that has its deep and abiding moral lesson. It is sure to excite the keenest interest and attention.

With pain and regret we announce the death of our contributor, Dr. Wm. Mason Turner, whose story of "Margoun" is now running through our columns. He died of apoplexy, Oct. 13th, at his home in Philadelphia, in the 42d year of his age. The *Ledger* of that city says:

"He was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1835, and was a graduate of Brown University, but subsequently took his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania. He made a tour of Egypt and Syria, and upon his return published a book of his Oriental adventures and observations. He became quite extensively known through his contributions to literature."

To popular periodical literature he became well known through numerous serial stories—some of which obtained an extended circulation—both by reason of their interest of plot and story and of the somewhat peculiar or intense style of narrative, which, though artificial, and, at times, strained, was effective.

His contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL embraced the "Masked Miner," "College Rivals," "\$50,000 Reward," "Hand Not Heart," "Bessie Raynor, the Factory Girl," etc., etc.—all of which were highly creditable and popular. His "Margoun," now passing through our columns, was, we presume, one of his last productions.

Personally, Dr. Turner was genial and companionable. He was unusually well informed, and, by his practice as a physician, knew very much of life and human nature—a knowledge which he freely used in his literary work.

With ourselves, our readers will regret this all too early close of a useful and promising career, and will read with a mournful pleasure his serial now running in the JOURNAL.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Airs and Tears.

THEY do not go well together. When affected conjointly, they are in an execrable taste as would be a new silk gown donned to scrub the kitchen floor. And, considering how diametrically opposed they are, it is marvelous that persons—and not a few at that—will put on no end of airs, at the same time that they are publicly sporting tears.

What is more disgusting than to see a woman arrayed in the most expensive finery, and carrying herself with an air that seems to proclaim that, in her own opinion, she is better than ordinary mortals, with a large rent in her overskirt, half a yard of trimming ripped from her dress, untrimmed gloves, or boots with half the buttons gone? And if you think such cases are rare ones, you must be a person of infinitesimal discernment; for not more than one woman out of every ten that you meet, not even making exceptions in favor of one's near circle of acquaintances, is arrayed so carefully that the vigilant eye cannot detect a tear—or something that speaks equally plain of a lack of neatness.

Not long since, in a stage full of richly-dressed women, but one was outsteamed in such a manner as to defy the critical eye of a vigilant observer. One individual, whose silks and velvets, and Parisian bonnet, handsome jewelry, and exquisite gloves, spoke of style and wealth, had a most ungainly rent just above the expensive fringe which edged her polonaise. To be sure, it may have occurred recently, and where she had no good opportunity of repairing it, for it was roughly run together; so roughly that the ravelings hung through upon the right side. But the same charitable doubt could scarcely be allowed her concerning a seam so woefully frayed out in the skirt of the polonaise. Another of the passengers was very neatly dressed, with the exception of her gloves, which were soiled and badly ripped; another wore a mantle, upon which the ribbon-strings and bows were pinned; one had several buttons off her very pretty boots, and another had lace sewn at the throat and wrists of her dress

with white cotton, occasional large stitches showing through on the dark silk; and one lady wore a very splendid robe, the seams of which, about the shoulders and waist, were gaping in various places.

You may urge, in defense, that dressmakers do their work so poorly, buttons will come off in the street, the gloves may have been the only pair the lady could find, and the bows were pinned because the wearer was called out in a great hurry. All very true, my friend, but not available as good and sufficient excuses for any person who calls herself a lady appearing in public in disorderly attire. It is very easy, and the correct thing to do, when boots are removed, to examine the buttons and so have them secured and ready for the next wearing. When gloves are discovered to have a rip, no matter how slight, they should be mended. Gloves put away in order will always be ready for donning upon any occasion, no matter how important. The work of the dressmaker, if carefully scanned when brought home, will not be apt to disgrace the wearer upon the first occasion of assuming the costume; and to wear garments before they are completed, is a confession of an unpardonable lack of tidiness.

In various journeyings by rail and on foot, in frequent visits received and made, the opportunities furnished for observing the habits of women have proved that those of the sex who are systematically and thoroughly careful in regard to every item of their apparel, are the exceptions and not the rule.

But, leaving it entirely as a matter of principle and good taste to women, whether or no they will appear in public with telltale proofs about them of their customs and habits, we, at least, beg to remind them that this little bit of good taste it would be well for them to cultivate—the omission of any *airs* while they have about them, even though they be hidden from outward observance, *airs* tears.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

In one of my rambles the other day, my footsteps strayed to a place where busy workers were plying pickaxe and spade, moving huge masses of stone, and showing the great power God has gifted and blessed humanity with; and the lines:

"Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
 The humble and poor become great,"  
 hummed through my head, and while I was expatiating on the beauty of good, hearty work, I was somewhat surprised to hear a young man—a school-teacher—at my elbow remark: "Well, thank goodness, I don't have to spend my time in such a manner, bending my back and carting heavy stone. I have an education."

Now, an education is a most excellent article to carry about with one, when it is accompanied by a little common sense—the trouble with this young man was that he had too little common sense. Talents are given us to use and not to brag about. We may be gifted, but we spoil those gifts when we give way to egotism and self-praise.

Poor fellow! I pitied him, for he needed pity. You see, he hadn't been educated up to that point where the true goodness and real nobility of mankind lies—not as to the *kind* of work one does, so much as the manner in which that work is done. We are not all gifted with the same talents. Some must do the head-work and others the hand-work. The hard hand is not to be despised on account of its labor. To me it is more like some token of honor, and I'd sooner grasp it than I would that of the dandy who looks with loathing on work. I honor the school-teacher; I think he has a noble vocation and a most important mission to fill, for it is not every one who has knowledge that can impart it to others; but, are there not other vocations just as honorable, just as useful, and which require as hard work, though, maybe, there may be some dirt to stain the hands and some stooping of the body to accomplish it?

Supposing the diggers and delvers were to throw down their implements of labor and declare they couldn't, wouldn't, and ought not to slave their lives out, how would they accomplish their ends? I'm inclined to believe they would punish themselves as much as they would injure others.

My good friends, let us thank the good, Heavenly Father for the talents he has placed in our keeping, for that is only right, but do not let us act the part of a Pharisee and thank Him that we are not as other men are, for that is weak, sinful, and shameful. We may consider ourselves a little better than the general run of humanity, but our self-esteem cannot convince others—it will but make them think less of us, and have a contempt for our silly and useless conceit. If we have an education let us show it by our conversation. Don't tell people, "I have an education;" let them discover it for themselves.

Boasting never sounded well to my ears, and I have never known one of those egotistical beings to become popular with humanity, but I do know that humility is a virtue that must call forth our praise. The head-work of the author, editor, teacher, or of any professional person, is often more than matched by the skilled hand, and body-work of the farmer and mechanic.

Does the world think less of any of the great and good men because their lot was humble, their early life poor, and their portion heavy and hard work? No, indeed! and have these men ever felt it any *disgrace* that they have had to toil and labor? No, indeed! again. I feel assured they thanked the great Master that He had given them that work to do. Their greatness lay in the grandeur of their deeds, it may be, but their goodness consisted, partially, in the humble manner they bore their honors and did not look back with scorn when they had to bend their bodies over hard work. "The good are great; the great not always good."

How true the lines:

"His toil that over nature  
 Gives man his proud control;  
 And purities and hallows  
 The temple of the soul."

"The grand Almighty builder,  
 Who fashioned out the earth,  
 Hath stamped His seal of honor  
 On labor, from her birth."

EVE LAWLESS.

THE word lady is compounded of two Saxon words, leaf or laf, signifying a loaf of bread, and dian, to give, or to serve. In olden times it was customary for those whom God had blessed with affluence to give away regularly a portion of bread or other food to poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods, and on such occasions the "lady" or mistress of the household distributed the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the "laf-dy" or the "bread-giver," and it is probably from this hospitable custom that to this day English ladies carve and serve the meat at their own tables.

## Foolscap Papers.

### My Old Uncle's Will.

I HAD always been educated in the belief that I was to be remembered in my uncle's last will and testament. He was bigly rich and was noted for having more money than he could ever give a cent to anybody.

The popular impression in our family was that he couldn't take any of it along when he died, since he had of late years got to be the fashion to have a good deal behind for the benefit of survivors.

My uncle went off too soon, too soon, in spite of five physicians. I felt that I could wait another year. I was a young man then and the future was pretty much all before me.

My uncle wanted to live long enough to make a few more thousand dollars, but circumstances seemed to be against him, and he reluctantly went.

In less than a year or two afterward the will was opened and read, and this is a true copy, and well attested:

I, John Whitehorn, sometimes called Long John for short, being of almost insane mind on the account of my nephew Washington, do devise to him the following property, to wit:

One penny of the date of 1812. As it would take him twenty years to lay that much up, this will set him just twenty years ahead, and he can consider himself most fortunate. This sum of money, if he puts it out on interest, in four hundred years will amount to several thousand dollars, providing the bank don't break or he don't draw it out in the meantime.

I bequeath to him three thousand dollars worth of debts which I owe. Nothing would do me more good than for him to pay them, and as debts are what he strives the most to make, this amount will last him for awhile, at least. If I had more I would be more liberal and would give him less cause to complain.

I also bequeath to him out of my library one book on the "Art of Making Money," which he so seriously needs. The secret of working for it he does not seem to understand, but I would be glad if he would spend a little time cultivating it. Work makes him very tired. My ambition has always been to work, and to him I bequeath my ambition. I hope he will put it to good use. A little disposition to work would not hurt him, so lazy, if he could only get it into his head. I have long noticed that he was always generous enough to let somebody else do his work rather than to enjoy the doing of it himself.

I also bequeath to him my old Revolutionary musket, with the request that he will use it. It is one of the most beautiful kickers in the world; it will not only kick a man over, but it will get up on him when he is down and keep on kicking him whether he yells "enough!" or not. Washington deserves it, and I hope he will get the benefit of it.

I bequeath to him a small farm in Indiana; it will be a very small one. I don't care what state it is in, really. It ought to be a small one if he oversees it. If he saves up money enough he can pay for the deed to it. That is all that is necessary. Let him only buy the deed; the owner, whoever he is, will throw the farm in.

I give him one mortgage on my farm, valued at four thousand dollars, which he can pay in yearly installments. Another man holds it.

I also will him a book entitled "General Information." It won't injure him. Its precepts will be worth a hundred cents on the dollar to him. He might think the contents are not worth much to him, but at least the punctuation points with which it is illustrated might be of some value.

Also a book entitled "How to Behave Yourself." This is not in his library. I have a deal of affection for the boy, and feel an interest in him as if he were my own son, and I have seen times when I could lick him like a father. He could make money out of this book if he would only take a notion to; it will at least afford him elegant reading, and is in no danger of damaging his behavior.

I bequeath him ten shares in the Mud City Railroad, which are only 104 cents below par, with the hope that this legacy won't make him feel any bigger or stuck up than he is at present.

I bequeath to him a job on my farm worth eighty dollars—three of digging a cellar whereby he can make two dollars a day.

I give to him all the frugality that I possess, with the hope that he will enter into the immediate possession of it. It will not make him any poorer.

I also give him forty thousand dollars in genuine Continental currency; it may not be so very valuable, but it is worth as much as he is.

To Washington I give my certificate of membership in the Foreign Missions, with the hope that he will use it to both his advantage and the heathen's.

Also one wood-saw and the accompanying buck. With the little exercise of the elbow he can buy made to flow in on him at the rate of a dollar and a half a day; it will also give him such an appetite for breakfast that it will stir him up in time to get it.

I also give him the following advice worth a hundred thousand dollars, to wit:

A man should always live within his means if he means to live.

A bird in the hand is worth no more than two in the bush.

Politeness never did anybody any harm unless it got to be too excessive.

Don't spend very much more than you earn.

Don't covet your neighbor's chattels nor his chat.

Be honest and you will disappoint your enemies.

Heed the words of the wise if you do not think they know more than you.

Never put off to-morrow a shirt you can put off to-day.

Take care of the pence and the ex-pence will not be a source of trouble to you.

Money is very easily dispursed.

A dollar in the purse is worth two in the promise.

Have no more friends than you can conveniently keep your eye on.

Train a boy up in the way he should be made to go.

As the twig is bent (over the back of a boy) so the boy is inclined.

A little sense goes further than several dollars—if you could only get people to believe it.

Don't talk any more than you get paid for, if you wish to sleep.

Get as many truths in your conversation as you can—without injuring yourself.

Be respectful to the aged and you will live long in the land without many accidents.

Pay for all that you get and get all that you pay for.

A foolish tongue should be a hot potato in your mouth.

A man can be wise and not know it; but no man can be a fool and not show it.

A wise son knows his father and a wise father knows his son.

What was left of his riches my uncle gave to other people, and with this munificent start I set out in life. Every cent of money I have ever had since I have diligently earned with my own hands—or others. I have been mentioned in a good many wills since, but—merely mentioned. What I have I have got by hard work of industry—the rheumatism, the bronchitis, neuralgia, and so forth. My uncle died after that will was written, as was expected, but I have always had reason to be glad that he left me—left me. The will never improved my circumstances.

Yours, with a will,  
 WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—Newfoundland fishermen are sending up their cod fishery. But suppose it is a failure, who will be the greatest sufferers, anyway—they, or our own American aristocracy?

—The powder factory at Bridgeport, Ct., has this year supplied Russia with 40,000,000 cartridges, and Turkey with 70,000,000, and has just got an order for 80,000,000 from Italy. Russian and Turkish inspecting officers have been working side by side at the factory.

—A man at Fairview, Ky., with a craving for liquor, after selling everything of value where-with to buy the stimulant, took his few months' old child and traded it over the bar for a drink of whiskey. The child was afterward redeemed by the mother on paying for the liquor.

—Our brethren across the sea can no longer complain that "we haven't the 'ops to make good beer in this blasted country," for, last year, we not only raised all the hops needed in America—which is saying a good deal—but we sent \$2,305,355 worth abroad; and this season it is expected that we shall have as much as 50,000 or 60,000 bales for export.

—A young fellow in love with a widow got so jealous at a ball in Houston, Texas, the other night, that he got a license and a preacher, and going to the widow's home a little before day, informed her that she must marry him instantly, or he would make a lead mine of the other fellow. She married him.

—The Turkish successes are partly due to the advice of some of the best strategists in Europe. It is reported that Von Moltke, after giving the Russians a plan of campaign, has with laudable impartiality accorded the Turks a similar plan, and watches with peculiar interest the developments which result.

—Colonel Prejavalzky's explorations in Central Asia have been of the most interesting and important kind. For the first time since Marco Polo has a civilized traveler visited Lake Lob, which he coasted in a boat, 130 miles south of it, he noted the Torim river, and in the Altyn Tau mountain range, which has an altitude of 10,000 feet, he killed several wild camels, animals whose existence had long been called in question.

—The editor of the Great Bend (Kan.) *Tribune* permits his ten-year-old son to edit one column of the paper, and set the type for it. Last week the following paragraph appeared in the boy's column: "The Sunday-school concert last Sunday night was very largely attended; the room was as full as it could be, and the scholars did well except me. I made a perfect failure. I know my piece, but it slipped out of my mind just at the time it ought not to. I felt very bad about it for a while, but will try and do better next time."

—A man from Honey Lake saw a railroad for the first time in his life the other day at Reno. In speaking of the wonder to a friend he said: "The forward thing just g'n a couple of coughs, and then the whole string of 'em got up and started right off." "That that lead steer pulls powerful fine," was what the Oregon man said when his two sons, living at Elko, took him out to the railroad track for the first look at the cars. "What you call 'um; heap wagon, no boss?" asked the Plute Indian when he saw the first train.

—An Ohio paper describes what it terms the "Black Country" of the United States fifty years hence. It is a district of one hundred square miles, including the counties of Athens, Perry and Hocking. In fifty years, it affirms this region will equal any coal region in the world. The district has twenty-two feet of solid coal in five seams. The great vein (properly bed) is in places twelve feet thick, and nowhere less than six feet. Mingled among the coal beds are inexhaustible beds of iron. The thickest is five feet deep at the outcrop; the thinnest, in places, sinks to six inches.

—Where does all the cotton go to? Last year some of it went as follows: To Great Britain, 1,270,387,000 lbs.; Germany, 235,750,000; France, 210,000,000; Russia, 150,000,000; Austria, 104,000,000; Spain, 80,500,000; and the United States consumed 674,688,000 pounds. England manufactures 43 per cent. of all cotton goods, the United States 23 per cent., and the continental countries of Europe 33 per cent. England exports one-half of her manufactures; the United States only 7 per cent., which is not a very flattering exhibit for the enterprise and activity of our manufacturers.

—Mother Shipton flourished in England in the seventeenth century, and several of her books of prophecy were published as follows: "Her Prophecies," in 1641; "Two Strange Prophecies," in 1642; and "Her Life and Curious Prophecies," in 1797. We suppose the latter refers to the one that goes the rounds of the press occasionally, predicting the end of the world in 1881, and some other singular prophecies which have been nearly, if not wholly, fulfilled. Doubt has been cast upon the authorship and date of this celebrated effusion; but if the world should come to an end in 1881, most people who have read it will be apt to believe it a genuine prophecy.

The unusually warm weather of this autumn has filled the fields around Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, with wonders of nature. A correspondent of the *Troy Times* says: "We have a very singular autumn, its like being unknown to the oldest frontiersman. There is a second growth of strawberries, black and red raspberries, and some apple trees are in blossom, while the apples have not yet been picked. On our farm we have cut the second crop of hay." The oystermen of Maryland state that the weather has never been more favorable for catching oysters than this season, and as unfavorable for selling them. The boatmen have had more oysters spoil on their hands this year than ever occurred in the same space of time before.

—The tortoise is a safe weather-prophet. M. Bouchard, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences at its recent session, described the precautions taken by tortoises against cold weather. Their instinct tells them in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point; and, toward the end of autumn, warns them also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precautions to screen themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hot-house. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to conceal themselves completely from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the openings of their shells. Once, when the thermometer stood at 50 F., he saw the tortoises creep into the ground, and that very night the glass fell to 28 F. Another time, the mercury being at 110 F. in the sun, one of the tortoises hid itself. On the following morning there was hoar frost.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Love's Adoration," "The Summer City," "Endavor," "The Mute's Death," "An Autumn Monody," "November," "Emma," "A Wedding Night," "The Yeoman," "Only Gone Before."

Declined: "A Reverie," "The Peace that Pass-eth," "A Bad Beginning, etc.," "Patsy Paddock's Pie," "Mrs. Benjamin Blotts," "A Square Meal," "Why He Ran Away."

M. L. Poems accepted. Title changed to one, Noble H. Jr. Book sent. See what is said to Noble H.

Noble H. We do not wish for matter such as you indicate. You are evidently too young and too inexperienced yet to write for the press. CHAS. F. A. The lives of Greene, Marion, etc., were given in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in its series of "Men of '76," published during the winter of 1876-7.

REPENTANCE. Your course is judicious and if persevered in will make you all you desire. Exercise, sleep, excellent diet and perfectly regular hours are better than all medicine for mind or body diseased.

BASCUM. Writing is much too ornamental. It will be greatly improved to leave off its "curls." No bank or railway office would admit such writing to the books. Try to acquire a plain, easy style that will be read at a glance, then you will have a chance for employment as a bookkeeper or railway clerk will be good.

LAST HIND WHEEL. Oil Coomes writes only for Beadle and Adams. You will find in his "Vagabond Joe," just issued in a *Beadle's Half Dime Library*, just the story you ask for. No immediate prospect of a "Mexican war" without there is considerable trouble on the border. Your only hope of a soldier's life is to enlist in the regular U. S. army.

FLYING DUTCHMAN. Use balsam of copaiba on the foot-sole, or a carbolic ointment, and be careful not to irritate the sore surface.—Peanuts are grown on very warm sandy soil, and are found as far north as New York. Their best climate is found in North Carolina. Bread-fruit is found in the tropic Pacific islands.—It would be rather rude to refuse a lady's request for your company.

D. G. N. Your own opinion of your work, and its merit as compared with the work of others, may be quite correct, but in no manner affects our judgment. If authors' views are so widely at variance, of matter we should have a queer paper. A full half dozen reasons avail in the selection or refusal of contributions—only one of which is merit. The opinion and composition of the contributors are not easily explainable, we necessarily decline to give them.

J. J. N. Would you consult some good teacher. Such a person will offer many valuable suggestions. Grammar is very hard to learn by the "self-teaching" process. We do not know of any text-book that we could recommend for a year, and so intricate in their assumed "system" as to be a labyrinth in which, even with the aid of a good teacher, the student is in a maze. Really the most practical and satisfactory mode of learning English grammar is to study some foreign language—French, German or Latin. By their study you will necessarily learn the whole structure, and the application of speech. As Gray's "First Text Book on Botany" will answer your purpose in that study.

W. L. C. Oil Coomes' "Foghorn Phil" was published in the *Dime Novel* series No. 310. The latest issues of Beadle and Adams Twenty Cent Novels are: "Silver Sam," by Col. Della Sara (No. 32); "Jack Rabbit," by J. E. H. (No. 33); "Bowling Knife Boy," by Oil Coomes (No. 30); "The series in the SATURDAY JOURNAL 248-300 were: "Alida Barrett," by Mrs. Ellet; "False Face," by George L. Aiken; "Old Bull's Eye," by Joseph E. Badger, Jr.; "The Rival Brothers," by Mrs. Fleming; "The Dumb Page," by Captain Whittaker. Capt. Mayne Reid's "The Cavalier" was published in No. 232, "Silver Sam," as a character, does not reappear as Silver Sam, in Mr. Aiken's new novel, "Gold Dan."

Mrs. Mary T. S. Colored stockings are quite as fashionable as ever, and most desirable for children. Solid dark grounds crossed with horizontal hair lines of some bright contrasting color is a new, neat and favorite style. Dark colors, and especially squares by bands of white, is another of the new fancies. Particularly pretty hose for children are of two solid colors, the upper half of cardinal red, and the lower half, blue, and the lower half of cardinal red, a device of embroidery of the brighter color terminating it where the two meet. The prevalence of colored hose during the winter years, and the harmlessness that has accompanied their use, proves the absurdity of the few attempts that have been made to frighten people into wearing white stockings to the knees. We have never heard of but one *authentic* case where the dye in the stockings affected the health of the wearer.

"DESPAIRING ONE" may take courage, for among the various styles of winter dress, the cap and shawl find something to suit her face, taste and purse. Felt hats and bonnets, in every color and shade, are largely sold. Bonnets of velvet and silk are in demand, the favorite shapes for young women being the cottage and the coronet. In hats there is a shape precisely like a jockey's cap; another very becoming one is round and stiff with a wide brim, front and back and exceedingly narrow side brim, very like the light felt hats worn by gentlemen during the past summer; still another is a round crown, with a smaller hat, rolling, brim and crushed crown. The favorite style of trimming these new shapes of round hats is with plain bands of velvet or gilt braid, with a buckle, or quite a few inches wide. However, these plain trimmings may give place to more elaborate ones for those to whom the jaunty, simple style is not pleasing or becoming.

ANY DE MEERZA asks: "Is there any way in which I can take names written in indelible ink out of linen? If so I shall be very pleased, for I have a quantity of garments left me by a cousin, all bearing her name, which is quite a nuisance to me. Also will you tell me what R. S. V. P. means on a note sent by a gentleman to a lady, stating his intention to call upon her, and which is written in indelible ink in the names inscribed in indelible ink by dampening the spots and keeping covered with table salt; lastly, wash in ammonia." R. S. V. P. are French for the French sentence *repondez moi, s'il vous plait*—"answer if you please," and signify that the gentleman wishes his note answered, probably to know if his call will be agreeable and convenient to the lady before he fulfills the intention therein expressed. The initials are frequently used upon formal notes of invitation to dinners and parties.

CORA SPENCER. Your dark green velvet cloth, with the shotted stripes, is quite as fashionable a fabric as it was last season. To obviate the tiresome weight of the suit use no linings, and since you desire it for a street suit for a winter, make at least two inches from the ground all around, after the latest Parisian fashion. Make the upper part of the skirt as scant as possible, and sew it with a cord, *self-plating* of the goods, about half a yard deep. After this is once firmly pressed, only the upper part of it should be tacked to a tape, and the lower left loose. Summertime this winter will be three rows of dark green braid crossed with gilt threads, or mixed with silver, white or gilt threads, as suits the fancy; or different widths of braid may be used instead of the striped rows of the same. Make a wide sash, lying in several deep folds; trim upper and lower edge with the braid, and lower edge also with fringe; trim the dress above the self-plating and braid with the sash, fastening it with a large, stylish bow of green silk. Your old cuirass waist will do for this season, add a vest and jacket front like the dress, and trim waist and sleeves with braid, and across the bottom of the vest with fringe also. Trim sacque with fringe



## AN AUTUMN MONODY.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

I sing a song of autumn,  
A song of the falling leaves,  
A song of the gathered sheaves;  
Of sad west winds that moan  
Of pallid skies that weep  
For summer's lost and lovely forms  
Which under the cold ground sleep.

In the deep and dim old woods  
Are splendor-lit arcades,  
And winged enchantments glide  
Through silent overhanging  
The leafy dome overhead,  
Of pale and radiant hue,  
Like a rent robe of glory seems  
With heaven gleaming through.

In the low-lying vales  
And on the hill-tops bare,  
A dreamy mistiness  
Is in the autumn air;  
And everywhere the leaves  
Are falling to decay.  
And everywhere the singing birds  
Are hastening away.

The summer realm of flowers  
Has vanished like a dream,  
Earth's fairest jewels sunk  
In Time's unceasing stream;  
And step by step the year  
Its path marked by the dead,  
Is crushing all things beautiful  
Neath its remorseless tread.

The dying bed of Nature  
The faded earth appears,  
A cloud in Time's brow,  
And in his eye are tears;  
For death is at earth's heart,  
Slow wasting her away,  
And this the hectic parasite  
That blossoms on decay!

## Justice or Injustice?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

If ever in her career of fashionable life as beauty and belle, Egeria Delmayne had exceeded herself in her appearance and general elegance of style, it was to-night, when she stood before her mirror, ready dressed for Mrs. Atherton's reception.

It was after ten o'clock, and her carriage was waiting at the door; her maid had in readiness her thick, soft white cloak to wrap warmly around the shapely shoulders; her bouquet lay in its tiny silver holder—everything was in waiting readiness for her to go, but yet she stood before her glass, eagerly scrutinizing every detail of her face, form and toilet with a keen, half-satisfied criticism of gaze not at all usual to her—this proud, peerless woman, who had learned that, dress as she might, wear what she would, she was always immeasurably superior to other women—other women who always paled before her.

But to-night was a crisis in her life, and she who had almost indifferently but never carelessly, or with the slightest abatement of her refined, quiet, dressed her beautiful self to grace a royal drawing-room; to-night was almost feverishly anxious to look her very best for Carroll Desmond's eyes—Carroll Desmond, the one, only man she had ever loved, and for whose sake she had remained unmarried all these years—and she was nearer thirty now than twenty.

It had been an absorbing passion with them both, and their engagement had been as ecstatically happy as brief. Then had come some rumor to her that off somewhere was a fair little snowdrop of a girl whom Desmond greatly admired, whose picture he carried, and all the hot anger and jealousy of Egeria's tropical nature was aroused, and she succeeded in infuriating her lover to such an extent that they parted in silent wrath, that hardened into pride which deepened the breach between them daily, until, at last, Egeria permitted herself to become engaged to some suitor of hers whom she knew Mr. Desmond especially despised, hoping thereby to pique the man she really adored into making an effort at conciliation.

And instead, Carroll Desmond, who had been secretly hoping and expecting that Egeria would humble herself, turned around and deliberately married Daisy Liston—the fair little snowdrop of a girl who was as winter starshine to the golden glory of a summer day compared to magnificent Miss Delmayne—a sweet, trusting, confiding little girl who rapturously worshipped her handsome husband, and who thought Heaven had been strangely good to her to permit her to be the wife of such a man as he.

Then Egeria had almost died from the terrible shock of her lover's marriage. For months she had been on the verge of desperate pain; she instantly canceled her engagement with her disconsolate suitor, and shut up her elegant house, and had taken her maid and invited her aunt, and went off for a six months' tour abroad, and came back, cured of her despair of acute disappointment, but callous into a merciless, almost heartless woman, who delighted in using the power of her beauty and grace and position to cut men to the heart.

But, she never forgot Carroll Desmond, never for one moment. In all those miles of travel, in all those hours of apparent indifference, in times of triumph, or nights of wakeful misery, Egeria never forgot him, not that, although she had conquered that wild longing for him he was still, and always would be, the one man in all the wide world she had loved or could love.

And now, to-night, the very first time she would appear in society after her return from abroad, she was to meet him—and his wife, his wife!

She had looked forward to this meeting with an eagerness equal to that of a girl anticipating her first ball. She had planned her toilet with almost nervous dread, for the first time in her life, she should fail of looking well; and now, at the last moment before she started from the house, she dismissed her maid to the anteroom, and took a final, eager survey.

She certainly was magnificent in her beauty and unsurpassable in her toilet—that was of the richly radiant tint of lemon, in thick lustrous silk, that so especially became her, with her ivory-fair complexion that had not the remotest hint of coloring except the lovely red lips, that set off exquisitely her raven-black hair and dusky eyes beneath fringing lashes and luxuriant brows—eyes that were magnetic in their glances, and that were glowing now as she smiled slowly, with growing satisfaction with herself—glowing with a tropical, intense splendor.

Every detail was perfect, from the trailing spray of jessamine in her lustrous puffs of hair, to the tip of her boot; from the great glowing topazes that swung from her ears, sparkled on her bosom, and clasped her lovely arms, in almost barbaric splendor, to the sweep of her train and the fit of her pallid gloves.

She gave one smiling look at herself as she received her fur-lined wrap, and then went down to the carriage—to go forth to the fate that was to envelop so many lives.

As she had desired, it was late when she entered the brilliant rooms of her hostess, leaning on the arm of her host. People had almost

given her up, and she saw just the delight and admiration and envy and astonishment she had determined to create, as she bowed and smiled, and exchanged graciously haughty greetings almost as a princess of the blood royal might have done.

All the while there was but one thought in her heart, but one desire—to meet Carroll Desmond. Would he be the same as when they two were all the world to each other—that is, would he be the same gallant, glorious fellow?

And then all of a sudden, when she was least expecting it, his well-remembered voice spoke to her, his selfsame old audacity she had so liked was in his manner as he casually met her, and Mr. Atherton, in the almost-deserted music-room whither Egeria had begged to be taken.

"How glad I am to see you once more, Miss Delmayne. Atherton, there's a good fellow, just let me relieve you of your enviable burden, won't you? I want to talk to my old friend dreadfully."

And somehow—she never knew how, or why she did not make the protest she could so well and gracefully have made—Egeria found herself leaning on Carroll Desmond's arm, and they two slowly sauntering through the half-dusk light and warm fragrance of the conservatory, that opened from the music-room.

It was he who spoke first, with a look that was ardent admiration, if nothing more.

"Well, Egeria?"

She smiled coolly—her heart was throbbing so violently she feared he could see her temples pulsate.

"It is well—very well, indeed, Mr. Desmond. You cannot imagine how impatient I am to see the lovely girl you have married. People say she is perfection. Is she really as beautiful as I remember her picture was?"

Desmond was completely taken aback by her utterly indifferent, entirely frigid, polite interest.

A frown, that she remembered, with mingled triumph that she could cause it, and agony that the remembrance could touch her so. But, her well-disciplined countenance gave no hint of her thoughts, and he went on, just a little sarcastically:

"Oh, yes—you have seen Mrs. D.'s picture; she is certainly very pretty, very pretty, indeed—not at all your style."

She laughed outright.

"Thanks for the charming inference, Mr. Desmond! Please do take me to her."

She lifted her eyes, so full of magnetic lights and dusky shades, to his, with a glance that thrilled his very soul, although he could not tell whether it meant love or hate.

He courteously obeyed her request, and people saw them as they came in from the conservatory, arm-in-arm, so full of grace and beauty and style, so perfectly fitted for each other, and so perfectly contrasting in their physique—she, such a magnificent, ivory-complexioned brunette, and he with his indolent, languid elegance that blonde men—handsome blonde men can acquire so well. People saw them—and Carroll Desmond's wife saw them, sitting like some pallid little flower, beside some talkative, good-natured gossip.

"You know her, of course, Mr. Desmond? Miss Delmayne? Isn't she beautiful? Your husband and she were very intimate once, you know."

And before the mute astonishment and admiration, and—and—some other nameless expression could leave Daisy Desmond's eyes, her husband came up to her, with Egeria on his arm—radiant, magnificent, gracious, with a cool, patronizing condescension that little Daisy could understand and feel conscious of, yet not define.

Mr. Desmond introduced the two in an off-hand, easy way.

"This is my field-flower, Egeria—Daisy, sweet, let me introduce Miss Delmayne, an old friend, you will recollect, Mrs. Desmond, Miss Delmayne." And Egeria parted her lips in a faint smile, and opened her eyes a little wider, and gave her hand to Daisy, and expressed her immense delight at meeting her.

"And you really must excuse me for keeping him away from you so long, dear Mrs. Desmond. But you know we had so much to say—you will pardon us?"

And Daisy gravely assured her she had nothing to pardon, while in her soul she feared already this siren-faced, lovely-voiced woman who had so much to say to her husband.

And Desmond thrilled with sudden pleasure to hear the sweetness of Egeria's tones as she coupled themselves together, and a determination seized him that it would go hard with him if somewhat, at least, of the old-time intimacy were not renewed.

While Egeria, behind her mask of smiles and sweetness, was enduring pitiful heart-throes, and almost hating unto death this pure-browed, gray-eyed girl-wife, and almost swearing that she would make Carroll Desmond repent the day he had played such desperate game of pique against her.

That was the beginning. Each mental decision made by those three fate-intervening mortals came truer and truer every day. Daisy Desmond learned to fear the splendid beauty that was infatigating her husband as in earlier days, that was drawing him further and further away from her; Egeria Delmayne found that she hated the young wife with a jealousy only exceeded by her determination to prove her own powers over the man who had married for pique; and Carroll Desmond, maddened by Egeria's beauty, by the knowledge of what he had lost, and by the arch, sweet subtleties of temptation with which she lured him on, found that every day deepened and widened the breach between him and his gentle, patient, suffering little wife.

But he was powerless to stem the current of mad infatuation that hurried him on, until it culminated so awfully.

It had been a warm spring day, and Egeria, beautiful as a painting in her light, airy costume, and with a hard mercilessness with which one would not have credited her, had gone to call upon Daisy—Daisy whom she was killing by degrees, but who dared not cry out and denounce her.

Mr. Desmond was at home—he was always at home when Miss Delmayne called—and after she had left Daisy's boudoir up-stairs, he stepped out from his library door and called her as she passed.

"Only a moment, Egeria; come inside just a moment. I want you to tell me how much longer this is to last this way?"

He had caught her pearl-gloved wrist in a grasp that was almost cruel, and yet, despite the strength of the clutch, Egeria saw how he trembled with the earnestness of what he said and meant.

"I do not know what you mean, Carroll," she said Carroll nowadays.

"You do know. You know I never for a moment ceased loving you—that I do not love her. You know what I mean—it must end—this farce we both are playing. When shall it end, Egeria? For God's sake, say at once! We will go, and have all the world in each other. You shall go with me, Egeria!"

A flash of deathly paleness went across her pure white face as she looked up in his eyes.

"Carroll Desmond! What do you mean when you say I shall go with you? I shall not go—you do not love your wife, I know, and I love you, you know, but—never—that other alternative—never!"

His blue eyes flashed in her face.

"My wife shall not be the barrier—you hear that, Egeria? If it were not for her—say, Egeria!"

But a horror in her eyes silenced him.

"Carroll Desmond!"

His voice matched her own for emphasis.

"Egeria Delmayne! After all that has come and gone, you dare play at propriety now! By the heavens above, you shall not do that! Egeria! you have confessed more than once you loved me; I have seen it in your manner; it has looked from your eyes. I will not be cheated of the one coveted happiness my life may yet know, Egeria! My only love, my darling, say it shall be so!"

And as the intense, passionate words left his lips, as Egeria stood there, conscious of the fact that a human passion was a terrible thing to face, conscious that she had never dreamed, never imagined it would come to this, as they two stood there, Daisy Desmond crept from the shadow of the door where she had paused, as she was about to enter the room, at the sound of her husband's impetuous words.

With slow, almost crawling footsteps, she got herself away, a woe on her sweet, childlike face, a shadow in her pure gray eyes that never was to be lifted, and only hidden, when after hours of such awful conflict with such fearful odds of pain and wretchedness and hopeless love against the possibility of better things, that her head and her heart weakened, and she desperately took her young life in her hands, unable to bear the woe of living.

Mr. Desmond himself found her, late that evening, lying among the great green glossy leaves of the immense calla in the pool in the conservatory; her brown hair clinging in wet curling tresses around her still white face, her darker lashes sweeping her cheeks placidly, her little fair hands closed over each other.

Of course it was an accident—a terrible, heartrending accident. Mrs. Desmond had gone into the conservatory for flowers, and had fallen into the deep tank that held the calla—a thought of suicide never entered any one's head.

Strange though it seems, even Desmond never imagined such a thing. Why should he have? He had never spoken an unkind word to Daisy in his life. He had been positive that she never suspected his wicked disloyalty to her; their home was beautiful and pleasant; friends were many and loving; therefore there had no possible suspicion crossed his mind.

He was free, free! Free to marry Egeria Delmayne, the one love of his life, the girl he had loved lawfully—the woman he had adored guiltily. Daisy was gone, the barrier removed with awful suddenness, and now remained only the decorous waiting, and then the reward.

At the very first, he was uncertain what to do. His impulse was to see Egeria and tell her how it must be when the time came, but he did not yield to it; and, strange as it was for his impetuous nature to be restrained, he did restrain it, and was silent for a time, every moment of which made him yearn more and more toward her who now could be his very, very own.

Then, when he had resolved to go abroad and spend the time of his mourning away from watchful eyes who might not fail to detect the real relief and expectation in his heart, he wrote to Egeria a long, passionate letter, in which he laid bare his very heart and soul, and told her all his joyous hopes, and how he depended upon her to be loyal and true until he came for her, in a year's time, to be his love, his bride.

He specially said he needed no answer, and he proposed no correspondence—it seemed to him that if he held no communication with her, it would serve as a sort of peace-offering in consideration of his true feelings about Daisy's death.

Then he went away, and if he counted the months and the weeks and the days until his return, Egeria Delmayne counted the hours and the minutes, with a rapture of ecstasy that at last, at last, it was to be with her as she had so wildly wished. It seemed that as the time for his return grew nearer, Egeria became more startlingly beautiful. Her dusky eyes had in them a vivid, intense light that almost bewildered one. She seemed overflowing with exquisite vitality and happiness, and yet no one ever heard her lover's name on her lips, or ever saw a consciousness in her manner when his name was mentioned, as it frequently was, now that every one knew of his speedy return.

Egeria had arranged her charming little plan of welcome for him, and on the afternoon of the day—the day of days that was to give her to her lover's arms, her lover's kisses—she had taken her aunt and gone to Carroll Desmond's house to give the last womanly touches to the welcome the well-trained servants had undertaken—dainty touches, that only the hands of a loving, refined woman can give.

She saw that everything was in the order in which it should have been—she saw that the rooms were artistically lighted, and then, while her aunt personally superintended the arrangements in the dining-room, Egeria had gone alone into the conservatory to gather tiny bouquets for her darling's plate, and to put beneath his portrait in the drawing-room, and to lay on the dressing-case in his room.

Warner, the gardener, had lighted the lamps in the conservatory, and the dusk, fragrant air sent a thousand memories thrilling over her as she went among the plants, with her eyes glowing with radiant delight and her white skirts trailing after her like a cloud.

Then, she paused by the water-lily tank, where the huge, glossy leaves slept placidly on the dark bosom of the waters; she peered in, almost fascinated by the thoughts that came surging over her, wondering, with a little shiver of nervous horror if she could see dead Daisy's face if she leaned further over—nearer the thick stem of the lily that surely was strong enough to bear her light weight one little second—and then—then—

When Carroll Desmond came rushing in his house ten minutes afterward, his face all aglow with delight, his blue eyes full of passionate tenderness for the woman to whose home he had first gone, to be told he would find her here—when Carroll Desmond came in, the very first thing he saw was a dripping dead form, with wide-open, anguished eyes that never more would smile on him—a fair, rigid form, with white draperies clinging ghastly around it, and the light of life forever fled.

Old Warner had heard the splash when Egeria had fallen in, and had done his utmost to save her; but—she had already tasted of the cup her hands had helped put to Daisy's lips.

And, though Carroll Desmond's life was blighted past hope, shall any one say whether or not it was just or unjust?

## A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

So softly blew the night breeze  
From off the sea—from off the sea,  
I thought that it was waiting  
My love to me—my love to me.  
I looked upon the sky last night,  
One star with such familiar light,  
Nodded, and beckoned, and whispered, it seemed,  
And whispered so fast,  
And told me that all I had ever dreamed  
Was to be true at last!

So kindly blew the night-breeze  
From off the sea—from off the sea,  
I thought 'twas bringing tidings  
Of joy to me—of joy to me.  
I heard the murmur of the breeze,  
I heard the rustling of the trees,  
The wind and the trees sung together, and said—  
So sweet was the song—  
Oh, fear not that true love can ever be dead,  
Or tarry too long!

The wind blows cold this morning  
From off the sea—from off the sea;  
I wake to find my darling  
Is not with me—is not with me.  
And can it be that stars will lie,  
That winds speak falsely when they sigh?  
Hark! what is that step I hear on the stair?  
Joy enough, now, in the house, and to spare—  
He is come!—he is come!

## Margoun, the Strange;

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M.D.  
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"  
"50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

MERCHANT AND CLERK.—THE STRANGE VIAL.

It was some moments before Denby could control himself. He had certainly been powerfully wrought upon by the sight of some person, whom, through the half-open door of the parlor, he had seen; and that person was Gilbert Grayling's wife.

But she knew that Denby was expected there; her husband had told her as much. And her keen ears had detected a foot-fall in the passage without. Hastily excusing herself to her husband, she arose.

"Why, my love, you are not in the way," said Mr. Grayling. "You can—"

"Oh, no, Gilbert, she hurriedly interrupted. "Business-talk is dry stuff for me. Then, too, I care not to see Mr. Denby; I should be all the time remembering that his father was hung for murder!"

She hastily retreated to the room adjoining the parlor, and as the door closed upon her, Abner Denby, after a warning rap, entered the apartment. The young man's face was pale as marble.

Old Grayling glanced at him.

"Why, Mr. Denby, you look as though you had seen a ghost!" he said, in some surprise; for though Abner's face was always white, yet it was never as bloodless as now.

"Oh, 'tis nothing, Mr. Grayling," hastily rejoined Denby. "Only my old complaint—a little neural trouble. I ascended the stairs too rapidly, just now."

"Ah!—yes, I remember. But sit down, man, and take a glass of brandy; genuine Otard. It will do you good."

He pushed the decanter and a glass toward the young man.

Denby for a moment was undecided. He was abashed at this condescension on the part of the "aristocrat." It had never manifested itself before. Bowing low, however, he poured out some of the rich liquor, and in a significant voice, said:

"I drink to your happiness, sir, in your future wedded life!"

He drained the glass, and drew a chair close to the table—his lead-blue eyes flashing covertly over Mr. Grayling.

That old gentleman started at Abner's toast, and a slight frown wrinkled his brow. But he grunted:

"Eh!—yes; thanks, Mr. Denby. I daresay I'll be happy; believe I will, that is, I am quite sure. However, I'll take a swallow of that brandy, myself," and thus stammering, he drew the decanter over and took a drink.

"This is a fine article, sir," said Abner, a malicious smile curling his thin lips, a glance of triumph gleaming in his eyes.

"My wife was in here a moment ago," said Mr. Grayling, wiping his lips and paying no heed to Abner's encomium on the brandy. "I wanted her to stay; but she wouldn't. You know she is shy."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," said Abner, and the old fellow laughed confidentially. "No wonder; she is still young, quite young."

"Yes, sir, very young—so you condescendingly wrote me."

"And she is afraid of the men," replied Mr. Grayling, still smiling. "But hang it! he condescended, as a suspicious glimmer came to his old eyes, 'she wasn't much afraid of them on the steamer—especially of the young ones!'"

"But I am only a clerk, sir," put in Abner, meekly, as he smiled covertly at the old gentleman's admission.

"Well, enough of her, just now. I wanted to see you on business, Mr. Denby—to talk about money matters."

"I have my memorandum book, sir, of monies received and expended," rejoined Abner, drawing from his bosom a stout, leather-bound book.

They were soon engaged in a deep and absorbing conversation; for lavish as was Gilbert Grayling, and rich as he was, he was a money-lover.

It was long past ten o'clock before Abner arose and took his hat.

"A moment, Mr. Denby," interrupted Mr. Grayling. "You say that my daughter left the city this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; I saw her and Miss Dean safely aboard the cars."

"And you furnished Miss Grayling money?"

"Yes, sir—as you directed."

"How much?"

"You did not limit me, sir, and thinking, under the circumstances, that a good sum would be needed, why, I handed her from my own funds—it was at night, last night—yes, her receipt calls for a thousand dollars; here it is."

He handed the strip of paper to the old gentleman, who glanced at it, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered:

"Yes, a good sum, indeed! But I can afford it; and I daresay it can be judiciously used in putting the old Grange to rights."

"Of course, sir—easily. But, when do you expect to leave for home, Mr. Grayling?"

The old gentleman pondered for a moment. Then he replied:

"Not for several days yet. I wish to look around the city, and give a glance at business matters. Besides that, I wish the Grange to be in good shape before I get there. I must have comfort."

"By all means, sir. But before I go," continued Abner, as though he had forgotten something. "I would say, Mr. Grayling, that in looking over the books of the house, I have detected some irregularities."

"Ah! you have?" and Mr. Grayling, in an instant, was all attention. "In what direction, Mr. Denby?"

In the matter of delinquent debtors," was the reply. "Only last night I forced a payment of two thousand dollars due the business; and I now beg leave to hand you my individual check for that amount."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket-book a check, filled and signed, and gave it to his employer.

A pleased look spread over Mr. Grayling's face. If he had distrusted Abner Denby before, his confidence in him was now to a great degree restored.

"That's very good, very good, Mr. Denby," he said, cordially and approvingly. "I'll hand you my check now for the money you advanced Miss Grayling—\$1,000—and to show you my appreciation of your business push, I'll add \$100."

"Oh, thanks, sir, many thanks! I only did my best."

Writing materials were upon the table; and Mr. Grayling soon filled out a check, and gave it to his clerk.

Reiterating his thanks, and bidding the old gentleman good-night, Abner turned away; but as he reached the door, he paused abruptly and said:

"Somebody whom you know, Mr. Grayling, arrived from abroad last night," and he watched the old man's face keenly.

"Some one from abroad? Some one I know?" asked Mr. Grayling, in a quick, surprised tone.

"Yes, sir. You know him, or did know him well—Thorle Manton."

"Thorle Manton! The deuce you say!" and the old man almost bounded from his chair.

"I saw him last night enter the Astor House. He must have come in the steamer Adriatic; for she was the only craft that got into port last night."

"Confound it! This is vexatious! Why, do you know, Mr. Denby, that one of my main objects in coming from abroad in mid-winter, was—"

He paused and frowned.

"Was what, sir?"

"Why to repay that reckless young man for the saucy letter he once wrote me. Then, too, the Grange estate would be far more complete with the addition of the Lodge farm. My object was, and, by heavens, is—to purchase the latter tract."

"Yes, sir, I understand. But I fear you are wearied; so I'll bid you good-night again."

He left the room, closing the door behind him.

When he was alone, Mr. Grayling strode for several moments up and down the soft-carpeted parlor. A frown wrinkled his brow, and an anxious, uneasy expression rested upon his face.

He paused by the table, and helped himself again to the brandy.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Somehow or another I feel that I am getting into trouble. Thorle Manton back again! And my only hope of getting the Lodge property is that the young fellow is as poor as ever. I dare say he is; he can't keep money. Well, there's some consolation in the fact that Abner Denby is honest, after all! Yes, and with his business tact, and love of money, he may make for Grace as good a husband as she can get. Now I—"

He stopped still, as just then he glanced at the door beyond, which led to his wife's bedroom.

What he saw there caused him to pause and draw back, while an angry scowl came to his brow.

The door was ajar, and the dark, thin face of the French maid, Florine, showed there. It was only for a moment, however, for the door was softly drawn to, and the watchful face disappeared within.

"Confound that girl! I almost hate her!" growled the old man. "She and my wife are far too intimate. One would scarcely take them for mistress and servant! 'Pon my honor, I'll not allow this! But—no; it is plain enough that I am not wanted there."

He dropped into a chair, and leaned his elbows upon the table. He was soon lost in reverie. The moments sped by, and Mr. Grayling began to nod. Then he leaned back and settled himself in his chair. In a few minutes he was asleep.

How long he would have slumbered there would be hard to tell, but when he at last awoke, he did so under a gentle shake of the shoulder, and opened his eyes to see the tall, gaunt form of the French maid standing by him.

"Confound—"

"Madame awaits monsieur," she quietly interrupted. "Does monsieur know that it is past midnight?"

"Monsieur be hanged!" grunted the old gentleman, roughly. "I am tired of it. Call me Mr. Grayling, or nothing!"

"Madame awaits Mr. Grayling," she said, in the same quiet tone, as, with a bow, she moved off.

Old Gilbert arose; and as the girl disappeared in the adjoining room, he muttered:

"I love my wife honestly and sincerely; but I wonder if I have not made a fool of myself by marrying her!"

He strode slowly from the parlor to his wife's apartment.

When Abner Denby was out of the hotel he laughed wickedly.

"All right so far," he muttered, striding down the street. "And I made a good thing by being honest! But who would have dreamed that old Grayling had married her! I wonder what she'll say when she meets me face to face, as some time or other she must! Well, don't I hate old Grayling all the more for this? Or, ought I to



She arose, glanced hurriedly toward the door which opened into the parlor, then at another leading to the apartment which adjoined her bedroom.

"I must see Florine," she said, moving hastily toward the last-named door, which she at once opened, and glancing in, said, in a low, cautious voice:

"Florine! Florine! where are you?"

"Here, madame," and the French maid emerged from the shadows—for her room was unlighted—and entering Mrs. Grayling's elegant apartment, bowed low.

"Come, Florine," he seated. I wish to see you on business. Be quiet as the grave, for the sharp-eared old man must not hear."

Florine's thin-lips smiled in derision. But she said, very quietly:

"Madame tires of monsieur—of Mr. Grayling."

"The lady started."

"I did not say so, Florine."

"No, wonder, Florine!"

"No wonder, madame," and the girl met her mistress' gaze with unabashed front.

"And why no wonder, Florine?" asked Mrs. Grayling, in a whisper.

"Because monsieur is too old for madame," was the prompt reply. "Monsieur and madame made a laughing-stock for keen-eyed ones on the steamer."

"What!" and a stormy answer was upon the lady's lips. But, checking herself, she continued:

"For all that, the old man is rich, is enormously wealthy. 'Twas always my ambition to marry a rich man, though I always failed until—However—"

She paused in some confusion.

"Until madame met monsieur," said Florine, without a quaver in her voice, as though she would complete the lady's unfinished sentence.

"But, madame—"

"She is in turn pleased."

"But what, Florine? Go on."

"Mr. Grayling is rich; yet you can be just as rich as he, and—have a young husband, besides."

Florine's black eyes lingered with a deep, significant gleam on her mistress' face.

Mrs. Grayling started violently, and an ashen pallor swept every vestige of blood from her cheeks.

"That is what I wished to see you to talk with you about, Florine," she at last ejaculated, drawing her chair closer to the maid.

"Has monsieur made his will?" queried the latter.

"He has, after much urging on my part—only three nights ago, aboard the steamer. He has signed it; but it has not been witnessed, and may therefore be—"

"That does not matter," interrupted the maid, almost rudely, certainly disrespectfully. "If no other will can be found, this would be accepted. But its provisions, madame—if you know."

"I do know!" was the impulsive reply. "For when the old man was asleep, I took the paper from his pocket and read every word."

"Well, madame?"

"Besides providing for his daughter, and making a few trifling bequests, he leaves the bulk of his great property to me."

"Good, very good!" and Florine's eyes sparkled with an avaricious light. "Then, when madame comes into possession of her property, she will not forget Florine Flavella who has served her so long and so faithfully?"

"No, no; I forget nobody, nothing," was the rejoinder, a little scowl coming to the face of the speaker.

"And that time may soon come," pursued Florine. "Madame may wish it were here now!"

The words were spoken in a low, startling undertone.

Mrs. Grayling paled again, and for a moment shrunk away as if in terror; but, as the hard lines deepened around her mouth, and the cold, deadly luster shot from her half-closed eyes, she said:

"I have been thinking of it—much! But we must—"

"The work can be easily done," calmly interrupted the other in a hard, stern voice. "I have an abundance of that, which acted so well in the case of the old German baron, who suddenly died at Baden-Baden—of apoplexy, so the doctors certified."

Mrs. Grayling shuddered and placed her hands to her eyes, as though she would shut out some horrid vision.

"See," continued Florine, thrusting her hand into her bosom. "I have an abundance!—more than an abundance—when it takes only a single drop, ay, a half-drop, to—"

She drew out a long, very slender, heavy vial of cut-glass, similar to those containing *attar of roses*, sold in Oriental cities.

"Put it up!" put it back, Florine!" hurriedly whispered Mrs. Grayling, shuddering violently again, as her eyes fell upon the vial. "Come, now, I wish to speak with you about something more; somebody else is in my way!"

A long conversation ensued. More than once during its progress, Florine had crept softly into the door and glanced in the parlor. The girl had been detected once, as the reader remembers.

When at last the conversation ended, Mrs. Grayling said:

"Go, Florine, and awaken Mr. Grayling—though I've a strong notion to let him sleep there all night!"

When Mr. Grayling entered the luxurious apartment he scarcely spoke to his wife. He retired at once, and a few minutes later, murmured:

"I can compass all the rest now!" muttered the lady, as she arose at last. "All the rest, unless one comes to life—Thorle Manton!"

#### CHAPTER XIII. IN THE SLEEPING CAR.

THE train conveying Grace and her companion soon left the scenes of bustling city-life, and slid away into the wintry, snow-draped country. The tracks had been cleared and the locomotive dashed along, with its long line of coaches, at its usual rate of speed.

Grace was sad and silent; she paid only passing heed to what was going on around her. She was thinking of Madame Lefebvre's seminary which had so long been such a happy home for her. She was thinking of the warm friends whom she had left behind her, and of the gloomy, dismal old mansion to which she was rapidly hastening. She was contrasting her late life of contentment and freedom from care, with her future existence in the dreary, contrasting the gay city life and the genial comforts of the seminary, with the gloomy wilds, the wintry hills, and frozen lakes of northern New York!

More than all, Grace was pondering the recent news which was the occasion of this journey, and of the sudden sundering of endearing ties.

What would her life now be? Yes; especially as in the last twenty-four hours, she had learned to distrust and to dislike Clara Dean, with whom she had grown up to womanhood. Who was her new mother? What was she like? How would she act toward her? And Grace only knew one thing of her—that she was two years older than herself!

Thus she sat musing moodily to herself as the iron horse, at every lunge, bore her nearer and nearer to her old home on the distant lake.

Clara Dean was silent; but she was not so abstracted as was her fair-haired companion. Her restless eyes were wide open, and were keenly observing everything that was passing around her. But for the most part, they were bent steadily upon Thorle Manton.

She had met him, casually, some five or six years before, at a ball in New York where she chanced to be visiting. The passing time had not changed him so much, but that she recognized him at the first glance. He was stouter, more bronzed, handsomer—that was all. She knew it was he.

She was undecided what use to make of her information. Why she knew by chance as it were—might be of use to her, provided she kept it for a time, at least, from Grace.

At first she watched him keenly, as though from his conduct toward her she would shape her decision—whether he remembered her or not. That was soon decided positively in the negative.

Thorle Manton, after reaching the section in the "sleeper" assigned to him and the Hindoo, had leisurely thrown aside his overcoat, placed his hat in the rack, and made himself comfortable. As he seated himself, he glanced at the occupants of the car, as much as he could see. He was facing Clara Dean; and the young man saw nothing of her face—only the gorgeous wealth of the sunny hair that sprayed down her back. But he had started slightly as his eyes first fell upon Clara; then he started the more as he noted her earnest, persistent stare. For a moment he swept her face keenly; but shaking his head, he leaned over and whispered something to the dusky Hindoo.

The East-Indian turned around carelessly in his seat, and glanced toward the two girls.

When his quiet, burning gaze fell upon her face, so calmly, yet so searchingly, Clara colored viciously, and hastily drew her veil over her face.

But, through the meshes of it, she saw something like a smile flit over the handsome face of Thorle Manton. The girl gripped her hands together, and uttered a low exclamation of anger.

Her sudden movement had aroused Grace from her reverie; and Clara's muttered words had reached her friend's ears.

"What is it, Clara?" she asked quickly, as she seated herself by the side of her school-mate.

"What is what, Grace?" asked Clara, sternly, her eyes still flashing through her veil at Thorle Manton, around whose lips the cynical smile lingered, as now and then he cast a glance toward her.

"What made you pull down your veil just now—and so abruptly? Certainly you do not wish to wear a veil in the cars! Something has annoyed you, I am certain."

"You have an over-plus of curiosity; I am certain of that," was the caustic reply.

"Clara!"

"There, now, don't get into a passion," said Clara; though her tone was far from being humble or conciliatory. "I am vexed!"

"At what?"

"At that impertinent fellow, yonder, who has been staring and leering at me ever since I entered the car," said Clara, making a little motion toward Manton.

For the first time, Grace looked in that direction; for the first time in her life her eyes fell upon Thorle Manton. She started perceptibly, and cast her eyes tremblingly down, then she looked up again, and swept the young man's face with a hurried but scrutinizing glance.

Margoum had laid aside his turban, and half reclining in the seat, did not attract the blonde's notice.

"He is a handsome fellow, at all events!" ejaculated Grace, earnestly and abstractedly.

"He is one of the best-looking—"

She suddenly ceased, and as a carnation tinge glowed in her cheeks, she once again cast her eyes down.

"Good heavens! snared so soon!" muttered Clara to herself—a bitter, envious feeling suddenly filling her bosom, a vengeful gleam in her eyes.

And no wonder that Clara Dean started—no wonder that a rankling envy filled her bosom. For Thorle Manton had seen Grace Grayling at the moment she looked toward him. His jetty eyes had met hers, and the cynical smile left his lips.

It was a very feature; and once again he bent over and spoke to his swarthy companion.

The East-Indian glanced back. As his eyes fell on Grace, her golden hair, her winsome womanly face, he nodded his head approvingly, and in turn spoke something to young Manton.

The latter only smiled—softly and yearningly—and, drawing a magazine from his pocket, turned to the light and prepared to read.

But, Thorle Manton's eyes glanced over the printed columns without taking in the meaning of a single word; his mind was otherwise engaged, his thoughts were wandering in a different direction.

He was thinking of the fair, angel-like face of the young girl before him; and dark thoughts, mingled with those of a brighter hope, were shadowing through his brain.

At that moment the attendant of the "sleeper" made his appearance for the purpose of changing the seats into couches; for the night had now deepened, and the train was far away from the great city, which it had left some hours before.

In a few moments the section assigned to the two girls was arranged for the night, the curtains were closed, and the maidens shut in from the world.

Thorle Manton sighed and flung the magazine aside. He could not read. But he had no idea of retiring yet; and so he told the attendant, when that polite official came to the section. Margoum was half dozing; but, every now and then, he opened his eyes and glanced at the man whom he so much loved.

At last young Manton arose.

"I shall smoke a cigar, Margoum," he said.

"You need not follow me."

"Yes, sahib," answered the Hindoo, who well understood that the young man wished to be alone; and placing a shawl under his head he leaned back, prepared to await his master's return.

Thorle, balancing himself by the seats, made his way toward the rear of the jolting car, in search of the "smoker's cab." As he passed the closed section wherein was the fair young girl who had so startled him by her beauty, and set in motion such a train of thought in his mind, he involuntarily hesitated. But as the curtains rustled and swayed under the rapid motion of the car, he hurried on.

He was soon in the little apartment allotted to smokers. The place was empty. Lighting a cigar, he flung himself into a chair, and was soon lost in thought.

An hour passed thus, and he had not spoken, had scarcely changed his position. His half-burned cigar had fallen from his hand unheeded; he seemed to be almost entirely forgetful of his surroundings. At last he aroused himself, and passing his hand over his eyes, glanced about him.

"I shall smoke a cigar, Margoum," he muttered, settling back in his chair, as if he had no idea of going yet. "My heart once loved, in all its fondness, one whom I thought a pure and sinless maiden. Oh, how soon came the dreadful awakening from that blissful day-dream! How soon was that loving heart crushed and scarred—scarred forever, as I thought! Ay! and steel-ed forever against the blandishments of woman-kind! And here is she who so basely—"

He ceased his mutterings, and drew from his bosom a small oval-shaped, velvet-covered miniature-case. Springing the lid open, he gazed at the sight revealed.

The light just over his head streamed upon the case. It contained the ivory-type of a beautiful young woman.

For ten minutes Thorle Manton gazed at the almost-speaking face. Then closing the case almost fiercely, he muttered:

"Fate has decreed that we two shall never meet again on earth! My heart's wish, at one time, was to stand with my face to face, to let her know that Thorle Manton had at last conquered! But that is past; my hate has turned to pity; and I have no longer need for this! I'll hurl it away, will cast it out in the snow, and—now!"

He hurriedly arose and approached the door of the car. He opened it, letting the flying snow flash in, and was about to fling the case out. But, as a bitter laugh issued from his compressed lips, he ejaculated:

"No! For six years it has been with me, my constant companion; I'll keep it yet awhile longer. Who knows—"

He paused abruptly, as he closed the car door, and re-entered. The shadowy figures which had been clouding his face fled away as if by magic;

a glad light glowed in his eyes, and a winning smile of hope perted his lips.

"Can this be true? or am I only dreaming, murmuring? Who is this fair, young creature whom I have met? Can I ever again see her after this night? Or, is she but a fanciful vision floating before me now, only to be gone as the quickly-coming morrow? And I, who, since that fatal afternoon of years ago, have faced the proudest beauties of every land under the sun, and yet was unmoved—can I love again?"

He passed on into the main body of the coach. He soon reached the section. Margoum was lying down; but his eyes opened as Thorle stood over him.

"Come, Margoum," said the young man, hastily; "we'll turn in. We must have some sleep. The station will not be reached until three in the morning. From there to the Lodge is a long, cold ride; we must be prepared for it—only if we can get it, after all!"

The last words were spoken in a low, uneasy tone.

The drowsy attendant soon arranged the section, and young Manton and Margoum retired at once. They both occupied the lower berth—the Hindoo lying on the side next to the aisle.

Thorle Manton was soon asleep.

Not so with Margoum's swarthy companion who occupied Grace Grayling and her companion had gone to bed more than an hour before this. They, too, knew at what time far away, dreary Wyndham station would be reached, and that some sleep was necessary for a long black ride in the sleigh which then and there would stretch between them and the Grange.

Grace, as if, for the time, forgetting everything—Abner Denby's startling news of robbers being abroad, her strange emotion at seeing the handsome, bronzed face of the traveler in the coach, everything—had yielded to slumber, and was soon wandering in the bright realms of dreamland, oblivious of what she considered a somber cloud settling about her, in the new life which she was called upon to live.

But Clara Dean was far from being sleepy; her conscience was not easy; and long after Grace was asleep, the girl was wide awake, her busy mind laying plan upon plan for her future action. Her thoughts were bitter enough; for she could not forget the half-confessions which she had made to Thorle Manton had indulged in, at her expense; nor could she exorcise from her memory his bright, yearning look, as his gaze had rested upon Grace.

She was sorry that she had made the discovery, that the swarthy personage who occupied the trunk of a holiday dance, was started after the Englishman.

He had gone into the forest about two miles from the village, and found him sitting at the foot of a tree, smoking.

Taking a bow and arrows, I made a *detour* so as to get in front of him, and place him between myself and the village.

Standing behind a tree a short distance from him, I fitted an arrow to the string and made my shot, hitting the tree about an inch above his head—a thoughtless shot, indeed, for a slight depression would have cost him his life.

He stood up with an exclamation of alarm, and stood looking at the arrow as it quivered in the trunk of a giant oak. Then he looked in the direction from which it came, and as he did so, I stepped from behind my tree and spoke a few words to him in the Sioux language, which I knew he could not understand; but, instead of trying to shoot me, as I supposed he would, he dropped his gun, and holding up his hands, exclaimed, "Please, good Mr. Indian, don't shoot!"

He stood trembling like the arrant coward I knew him to be, when, drawing my knife, I gave the war-cry of the Teton and sprang toward him.

With a yell of terror he turned and fled, leaving his rifle and his cherished "meerschaum" lying on the ground. When opposite the spot where my Indian allies were concealed, they all discharged their guns in the air, and gave a yell that would have frightened a more courageous man than he.

Another cry of terror, and with accelerated speed he ran for the village, where he arrived out of breath, and nearly out of his wits with fright, while I filled his pipe and enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense.

He gave a glowing account of how he had been attacked by at least a hundred Indians; how he had shot four or five, and finally made his escape with no loss but his pipe and gun.

We washed the paint from our faces, and returned to the village, one at a time, and from different directions, so as not to excite any suspicions in his mind, should he chance to notice any of us.

In the evening I visited the tent of the English party, and listened to the story of his late battle, which he now told for the twentieth time. After he had concluded, I gave my version of the affair, which was received with shouts of applause from the rest of the party, but a more crestfallen or disgusted man I never saw.

I gave him his pipe, and told him where he could find his gun; advising him to be sure and make his terrible encounter with the Indians the subject of a chapter in his book.

I never heard whether he published his book or not, but from that hour he never spoke to me, or boasted of his bravery.

The Englishmen were getting tired of the Indian country; so, selecting about forty of my old soldiers, we set out for Walla Walla, where we arrived in safety.

The following morning, we mounted our horses, and bidding the Englishmen good-by, were soon on our return to the village of the Sioux.

I remained with the tribe about six months, when my little wife sickened and died.

After this I was again seized with the old feeling of restlessness, and I again left the tribe; this time, however, with the knowledge and consent of the old chief. Some day or other, should my life be spared, I shall visit them again, unless the remorseless fate which seems to hang over the race shall have swept them from the face of the earth.

I never expect to find any warmer or more true-hearted friends in the world than I have left among the Teton Sioux.

Very many writers have formed their opinions of Indian character from associating with the half-breeds, or the more degraded remnants of the Indian tribes to be found in the States, or on the Missouri border, where "civilization" has wrought its work of ruin to the red-man.

As a rule the half or quarter-breed Indian is about the meanest specimen of humanity extant. The treachery and vindictiveness of the white more than counterbalance the good qualities of the red, and thus the Indian of mixed blood is no criterion by which to judge the race.

The Indian of reality comes far short of the perfection of the Indian of romance; yet very many of them, while being the most unrelenting of enemies, are, at the same time, the most steadfast of friends.

A YEAR ago blondes were all the rage, and the powder-puff was never allowed to rest, but now they are pulled out by the brunettes, and we look at women, as through a veil, darkly.

#### THE SUMMER CITY.

BY LILLIE SUMBRIDGE.

Golden city of vast estate,  
Walled by the hills that never frown;  
Canopied blue skies gate to gate  
Beaming tenderly down;  
Wrapped in thy dazzling radiance we—  
Losing all of the olden strain—  
Never shall know aught of misery,  
Or sorrow and pain.

Gleaming portals shall open wide,  
Leaves on the stately trees unfold;  
Up in the sun-kissed clouds shall ride  
Purple and palest gold.  
Over the roses and shells may ring  
The waves of a river of crystal hue,  
Which ever and ever a chant doth sing  
Of pleasure anew.

Fringing willows above us stoop,  
Peacefully away the poplars fall,  
Crimson and orange ash leaves droop,  
But they never can fall.

Vineyards and orchards are on each hill  
With fruit to the east and fruit to the west;  
And the mystical breeze is sweet and still  
With a wonderful rest.

Never knoweth that city death,  
Feeling no frost or autumn-time;  
Melteth away pain's misty breath  
In that summer-sweet clime.

Into those regions, may we drift  
Out of this woe and year-wet air,  
While fairest blossoms shall greet us light  
In their faces fair.

## The Scarlet Captain:

OR,

### The Prisoner of the Tower.

A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"  
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER  
SAM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT THE DARING DARED.

THE two ladies started back in alarm. At first they thought that the arrow was a missile aimed at their own fair persons, but the bold and skillful hand which had shot the bolt had aimed carefully. It had been hurled from a cross-bow, one of the old-time weapons, which, before the era of gunpowder, was a favorite with the men of the mountain land, and even now, few of the mountaineers were there who could not make effective use of the primitive weapons.

Catherine was the first to discover the nature of the missile and also to discern the note wrapped so carefully around it.

"It is an arrow and with a note affixed to it!" she cried, springing forward to pick it up. "Heaven has not entirely deserted us!"

With eager hands the countess tore the note from the arrow.

It was written on the finest of paper, and wrapped so closely around the arrow that it seemed to be a part of the shaft.

The note read as follows:

"DEAR LADIES: If you desire to aid the Montegreans cause and to save time, escape from the power of the Turkish bandit who now holds you in duress, flee, tie a strong thread to the arrow and lower it from the window; you will need about fifty feet of thread. After the arrow is lowered, wait for five minutes, or until you feel a slight tug at the thread; then pull it up. A cord will be affixed to it; pull up that also, which will convey a rope ladder to your window; fasten the ends of the ladder securely to some heavy object in the room; bear in mind that the ladder must sustain the weight of a well-armed man. Be cautious, for there is a sentinel on the roof of the tower, but his attention is mostly given to the landward side. Extinguish all the lights but one in your apartment so that the glare from the window will be removed. When the ladder is securely fastened, shake it violently for a moment so that I may understand that all is in readiness."

(Signed) "THE SCARLET CAPTAIN."

Catherine read the letter aloud, and Alexina hung upon every word with breathless eagerness.

"Aid has come at last!" she exclaimed. "Ah, Catherine, did I not tell you that this man's love would find a way to rescue you?"

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire, perhaps," the countess replied.

"But you will not refuse the aid?" Alexina asked, anxiously.

"No, oh, no! for by the act I give the tower into the hands of the Montegreans. No matter what my fate may be, I should not hesitate for a single moment to aid my countrymen against the Turks. Ah! it will be a great triumph over this vile renegade!"

And the noble features of the countess shone with joy as she reflected how recently it was that the swarthy traitor had boasted of the strength of the tower and his ability to hold it against all force the Montegreans could bring against it.

At once the two ladies proceeded to carry out the instruction given in the letter. They extinguished all the lights in the apartment excepting a solitary candle; this they were careful to place upon a table at the further end of the room.

"They are probably in boats below," the countess said; "they will note the extinguishing of the lights and will perceive that we understand the instructions given, and are carrying them out to the best of our ability."

"Oh, how the Turks will stare when they find that the Montegreans have gained an entrance into the tower! It will seem like witchcraft to them!"

"Yes, the first intimation of danger they receive will be the Montegreans' shout of victory waking them from their slumbers."

"We must be careful that the sentinel on the roof does not discover us."

"There is very little danger," the countess answered; "the night is dark and the storm pattering against the wall will hide the noise of the movement; besides the chances are great that the sentry will never trouble himself to look to seaward; the danger against which he was placed on guard threatens from the land not from the sea."

Selecting the strongest thread in their possession they tied the end to the arrow and then carefully into the inkly gut below the arrow descended, swaying to and fro in the wild gusts of wind.



by Alexina, for the burden borne by the cord was somewhat weighty, began to draw it up.

To the end of the cord a strong rope was affixed; and to this succeeded the rope ladder, which, with steady hands, the two women at length grasped and drew in.

In one corner of the room, quite near to the window, was a massive book-case, curiously carved and weighing three or four hundred pounds at the least.

To this piece of furniture Catherine tied the ends of the ladder securely.

And then with a silent prayer to Heaven to aid the men who, in the teeth of the storm, were about to make the perilous attempt, the countess gave the signal that all was prepared for the dangerous performance.

The storm roared and howled without; the Turkish sentry, posted upon the roof of the tower, had found a snug corner, partially protected from the fury of the elements, and was vainly endeavoring to make himself comfortable.

Little need of a strict watch upon such a night and in such a position he thought. A bird alone could hope to reach the top of the tower.

Not a single glance then to the seaward did the sentinel cast. Crouching in his sheltered nook he cursed the evil fortune which had condemned him to the lonely watch, and sighed mournfully for the bed in the barrack-room with his more fortunate comrades.

Watching anxiously by the window, after the signal had been given that all was in readiness for the dangerous attempt, the two ladies saw the ladder suddenly tighten as though a heavy weight had been placed upon the other end.

The leader of the scaling-party had commenced the ascent.

And then in due time the head and shoulders of a man appeared in the gloomy void beneath the window.

Nimble the well-armed soldier climbed and then, when he reached the window, agile as a monkey, he leaped into the apartment.

It was the American, Robert Lauderdale!

The countess was in a measure disappointed; she had expected to see the pale and thoughtful face of the Scarlet Captain.

"Thanks to you, ladies, we shall be able to take this strong tower which otherwise would have defied all our efforts," he exclaimed, exultingly. "This exploit will ring throughout all Europe, and to the gentleman so intimately connected with you, countess, the idea must be credited. Had it not been for the Scarlet Captain, we should never have thought of scaling the tower from the sea and at midnight."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## AN ASTONISHED SENTINEL.

"And where is he?" Alexina asked; she had waited for a moment to allow Catherine to put the question, for she saw that the natural inquiry was on the lips of the countess, but the pride of the heiress of Scutari was too great to allow her to betray her curiosity.

"He is below," the American replied; "he would have ascended first, but his brother-officers objected. There was a doubt, of course, as to the feasibility of the attempt, and his life is too precious to be lightly risked."

An expression of profound amazement appeared on Catherine's face as she listened to the speech. Lauderdale noticed the look, but misunderstood the cause.

"Of course we were not sure that this was the window of your apartment," he explained, thinking the countess's amazement arose from the Montenegreans questioning the practicability of the bold attempt. "We fancied that we saw your faces, ladies, framed in the casement, but the night was so dark and the storm so wild, that we were not sure. Of course there was a chance that we had made a mistake, and that the arrow had fallen into the possession of some one of the Turkish officers, and that the first man up the ladder would find that foes, not friends, awaited him at the top. If you noticed, I paused just as my head reached the level of the window."

"And if instead of us you had seen the Turkish officers?" Alexina inquired, with true womanly curiosity.

"I should have leaped backward into the sea at once. It was a forlorn hope, ladies, and I was fully prepared for the worst."

"You spoke of the life of the Scarlet Captain as being too valuable to be risked in this attempt," said Catherine, unable to longer restrain her curiosity. "Is his life worth more to him than yours to you?"

"Oh, no, but to the Montenegrean cause he is worth a hundred such men as I am," Lauderdale replied. "He has the hand to plan, I only the hand to execute. Why, ladies, with a force not reaching three thousand men he has utterly defeated a Turkish army of over ten thousand, commanded, too, by three of the ablest generals in the sultan's service; in all the Turkish ranks no three better men than Ismail Bey, Mukhtar Pasha and Osman Pasha."

Over ten thousand soldiers, the best troops that Turkey can boast, these three men led to invade Montenegro. One single day's fight and this powerful force has been destroyed; as an army it exists no longer. Osman Pasha is a prisoner in our hands, and over two thousand men and officers besides. Mukhtar has been forced to run in such hot haste that it is doubtful if he does not die of rage ere Albania is reached, and the great man of them all, Ismail Bey, is shut up here securely in this old tower, and now that we have succeeded in gaining an entrance, the chances are that he will be our prisoner before he is an hour older. And all this we owe to the Scarlet Captain. Is his life not valuable, then, too valuable to be risked in such a dare-devil enterprise as was the ascent of yonder ladder, with no knowledge of the reception that awaited one?"

"What is this mystery that surrounds this man?" cried Catherine, impatiently. "Who is the Scarlet Captain? What is his name? You know it well enough; why do you not tell me! Has he requested you to observe silence? Why should I, who am so deeply interested in him, be kept in the dark as to who and what he really is?"

Lauderdale laughed; the countess had spoken with true womanly impatience.

"He will be here in a moment, and you can question him yourself," he replied; "but I am wasting time, and we might be unfortunately interrupted. There are ten boats with fifty men in them swinging against the base of the tower, waiting for me to give them the signal to ascend. We had a device of a time to get the boats, for we only determined upon this enterprise late in the afternoon, after we had got the worst of the artillery duel and ascertained to our full satisfaction that we could make no impression at all upon the tower with our guns."

With eager haste Lauderdale had examined the manner in which the ends of the ladder had been secured.

"Strong enough to hold a dozen!" he exclaimed; "let me compliment you, ladies, upon your skill!" And then hurrying to the win-

dow, he signaled to the men beneath. This accomplished, he took up a position by the door, all in readiness to prevent a surprise.

And the moment the signal reached the men without, up the ladder they came, one following the other in regular succession, all moving with stealthy caution. They were all well-armed, sabers belted to their sides, pistols in their belts and long rifles—ever the favorite weapon of the mountaineers—slung to their backs.

There was danger that a careless movement—a dash of a saber scabbard against the rocky wall—might attract the attention of the sentinel on the roof; if this were to happen, good-bye to the surprise; the alarm would be given on the instant and all of the daring assailants who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the tower would fall an easy prey to the aroused Moslem host.

But, the darkness of the night—the moaning of the storm, the noise of the restless, ever-tossing waves lashing the base of the tower, favored the bold attempt.

Man after man ascended the ladder—a fragile thing apparently, but of great strength—entered the apartment, until the whole of the armed force, fifty-two men in all, were gathered in the room.

The last man to enter at the window was the Scarlet Captain.

The two ladies had withdrawn into one corner of the room and stood watching the animated scene with a great deal of interest. This sudden irruption of the armed Montenegrean force meant liberty to them.

A short conference the Scarlet Captain held with the American.

"There is a sentinel without; I can hear him pacing up and down the passage-way, and plainly discern the rattle of his musket as he grounds it every now and then," Lauderdale explained.

"We must take measures to secure him. Come with me to the countess; we will need her aid in the matter."

The two approached the ladies.

Briefly the Scarlet Captain explained his plan.

"There is a sentinel without, and it is necessary to either capture or kill him before we can advance," he said. "I am averse to shedding useless blood; this single man's life will not either free or enslave Montenegro; therefore I prefer rather to capture than to kill him. If you will have the kindness to knock at the door and request him to open it, he will undoubtedly do so. Not expecting a foe we can take him unawares and probably be able to secure him almost without a struggle. The moment he is removed we will have free access to the court-yard, for with the exception of the sentinels, all the Turks have doubtless retired to rest. Our forces without are all in readiness to make a dash for the gate the moment we open it, and before the Turks will be able to collect their scattered senses, bewildered as they will be by the surprise, so totally unexpected, we will be in complete possession of the tower."

Willingly Catherine acceded to the scheme; much more than this would she have freely done for the country she loved so well.

The Montenegreans clustered in the dark corners of the room, while Catherine advanced to the door, the Scarlet Captain posting himself just by the entrance.

The countess knocked.

"Open, sir," she said, "open, please!"

The sentinel, half-blind with sleep, weary with his lonely watch, opened the door without the slightest suspicion of danger.

With the rapidity of thought the Scarlet Captain sprang upon the Turk. Clutching him by the throat with his strong hand, he dragged him into the apartment, half-strangling the man with his gripe.

The door was quickly closed, the Turk disarmed, bound, and a stout Montenegrean with his knife at the throat threatened instant death at the slightest sound.

The Turk resigned himself quietly to his fate, and nothing now seemed to intervene between the Montenegreans and their objective point, the main gate to the tower.

A single lantern, hung in a niche, dimly lighted up the old stone stairway, as down it and across the dark court-yard to the guard-room by the gate, the column stole with stealthy tread.

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house boldly charging and endeavoring to recapture the pieces, but the timely arrival of the force from without decided the fight. For a few minutes the slaughter was terrible. The Turkish soldiers met their fate with stubborn heroism; but, finding that the tide of fortune had set so strongly against them, they became panic-stricken, threw down their arms and cried for mercy.

Ismail Bey had been one of the first to gain the court-yard and offer desperate resistance to the assaults, but when the Montenegreans from without came pouring through the gateway, he realized that the fortunes of the hour were decided, and that the evil genius which had seemed to pursue him since his advent in Montenegro, had struck him another terrible blow.

Like a demon he had fought; few men in this life who could wield a saber with the strength and skill of the renegade, and at the head of a desperate squad who, instinctively, had attached themselves to this bold swordsman, he had offered most excellent resistance to the Montenegrean attack.

Until the appearance of the desperate renegade, the struggle had been but little more than a massacre, the Moslems falling almost without resistance beneath the sabers of the mountaineers, but Ismail's determined prowess had revived their drooping spirits, and, recovering in part from their surprise, they had fought excellently.

But with the overpowering force rushing through the gate from without, even the most blood-crazed warrior realized that the fight was decided, and that to resist longer would be madness.

"'Twas stout Ismail himself who gave the word. 'Save yourselves! we are beaten!' he cried."

With true Oriental fatalism he accepted the situation; it was their kismet; man cannot fight against fate.

And with the exclamation the renegade turned his back upon the fight and fled up the stairway. A few of the soldiers, who had sustained him in the desperate contest, followed his example, but in the darkness of the stairway they lost him.

The contest ended almost immediately with the retreat of Ismail.

Hassan El Moola had been knocked down and disabled early in the fight. The edge of Lauderdale's saber and the head of the bull-necked Turk had become acquainted, much to the damage of the head, thanks to the American's stout arm.

"Where is Ismail Bey?" was the first inquiry of the Scarlet Captain, after the Turks had thrown down their arms. During the fray he had been carried, despite his will, to the other side of the gate, from where the renegade had made his determined stand.

"I saw him yonder, but a moment ago," Lauderdale answered, wiping away the blood from an ugly saber-cut on his cheek, which he had received from Ismail's hand in the fight. "He gave me this clip on the cheek, and then before I could return the compliment there was a rush of men between us and we were separated."

"He ran up the stairway," said one of the Montenegreans, who had happened to notice the retreat of the Moslem chief.

For a moment the two friends gazed at each other, a look of apprehension common to both their features, the same thought in their minds.

Wherefore should Ismail fly to the interior of the tower?

There were no outlets of escape in that direction; he could not hope to gain egress from the tower by flying to the walls or roof unless indeed he intended to emulate the example of the Scarlet Captain and take a leap from the roof into the sea. He must surrender at last, why not surrender now?

The Countess of Scutari!

She was in her lonely apartment in the tower; no means of defense, no protector. Ismail Bey, baffled and defeated, his army destroyed, his prestige as a general seriously injured, and now fated to fall into the hands of the men he hated, and feared too, for was he not a renegade to the mountain race? might he not in this moment of despair attempt to rob the victor of the prize of the victory?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## OLD-TIME GAMES.

LOOKING over some files of sporting papers of twenty years ago we came across the report of the meeting at Bedford, L. I., between the old Atlantic nine of Brooklyn and the Gotham of New York. In the former were Mathew and Peter O'Brien, John Haldon, and Archy McMahon, all of whom are dead. There were also Messrs. L. Bergen—now in the Brooklyn tax-office—R. Boerum—a retired gentleman of means in Brooklyn—John Price, Tice Hamilton—both residents of Brooklyn still, and Dick Pearce, the latter a professional player in the St. Louis nine of 1877. On the part of the Gotham there were old Tom Van Cott, the pitcher of the period; Wadsworth, the first baseman, who was noted for his peculiar style of taking the ball; Commerford, a spry, gentlemanly little fellow; McCasker at third base, afterward the club catcher; with Vail, Sheridan, Turner, Johnson and Cudlip, all graybeards now. There was a large crowd of spectators present, seats being reserved for lady friends, and the utmost interest was manifested in the match. The Gotham opened play at the bat, and at the close of their second inning the score stood at 3 to 6 in their favor.

In the Atlantic's second inning, however, the Brooklyn nine scored ten runs, and this practically won the game, they finally coming in victors by 41 to 11. Caleb Sniffen and G. Van Cott acted as umpires—there being one on each side in those days—and R. G. Cornell acted as referee.

On the 10th of September, 1857, the Empires defeated the Knickerbockers, at Hoboken, by a score of 28 to 17 in a nine-innings game. In this contest the Empires played Messrs. Gough, c.; Thorne, p.; Leavy, 1st b.; Miller, 2d b.; Moore, 3d b.; Smith, s. s.; with Benson, Hoyt and Newkirk in the out-field. The Knickerbockers had Charley De Bost as catcher, with Willing as pitcher; Stephens, Mott and Neubur on the bases; Dr. Adams at short stop, and Davis, Vreedenberg and Tucker in the field. Bloomfield and Grinnell were umpires, and Bixby referee.

On Sept. 22d, 1857, the Eckfords of Brooklyn played the Eagles of New York at Hoboken. It was the second match of the series, and it was regarded with special interest by the Brooklyn club, they having lost the first game. In the first innings the score stood at 5 to 5, and in the second it stood 7 to 7. In the third innings the Eagles took the lead by 9

to 7. The Eckfords battled well for their lost position, but could not recover it, the Eagles finally winning by 23 to 22 in an eight-innings game, the contest occupying over three hours. The Eagle line consisted of the following players: Gelston, c.; Bixby, p.; Yates, 1st b.; Gilman, 2d b.; Place, 3d b.; Smith, s. s.; Winslow, Williams and Wandell in the field. The contest attracted about three hundred spectators, quite a large crowd for those days. The Eckfords were, Frank Pidgeon, c.; McWhay, p.; Tostivan, 1st b.; Caulkins, 2d b.; Logan, 3d b.; Grum, s. s.; and Manolt, Gray and Curtis in the field.

On November 6th the Unions of Morrisania visited Brooklyn to play a game with the Excelsors, and to those who only remember these clubs in their palmy days of later years the figures of the two nines will be read with interest. The Excelsors won by 41 to 23, though the seventh innings ended in favor of the Excelsors by 23 to 18 only. In the eighth innings the Excelsors scored 10 runs, and that ended the game. The two nines—or both were short—were as follows: Excelsors, Leggett, c.; Dayton, p.; Young, 1st b.; Wells, 2d b.; Sunderling, 3d b.; Rogers, s. s.; and Etheridge and Cole in the field. The Unions presented Todd, c.; Pinckney, p.; Brandon, 1st b.; Durell, 2d b.; Roosa, 3d b.; and Henry, Tremper and Dickerson in the field.

The last match of 1857 was played Nov. 26th at Bedford, L. I., the contesting nines being the National and Montauk clubs, composed of young players. The Nationals were, I. W. Evans, c.; Joe Sprague, p.; Alvord, 1st b.; S. D. Smith, 2d b.; R. J. Smith, 3d b.; Maxon, s. s.; L. Pike, 1st b.; Evans, c. f.; Quincy, r. f. The Montauks included Eastwood, W. Ackley, p.; Debevoise, 1st b.; Sherman, 2d b.; Lewis, 3d b.; Morehouse, s. s.; Coombs, l. f.; Cranston, c. f.; and Norris, r. f. The Nationals won by 61 to 5.

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## TIM'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It's dying I am for to see you,  
And I can't tell the sun from the moon,  
Unless you will come to me soon.  
My heart aches all over me body  
To have you come back and to earn,  
For, oh, you are gone in your absence,  
And that is what gives me concern.

It has been just a month since I saw you,  
And I never have looked on you since;  
I miss you because I can't see you,  
And we're parted because you're gone hence.  
I wish I could get in this letter,  
I'd mail me by telegraph quick;  
I'd fly to your lips just this minute  
And there like a stamp I would stick.

I mourn for you all the day long, love,  
And the eight hour system's too short,  
When I wake up of you I am dreaming—  
You're the nightmare, indeed, of my heart.  
You're potatoes and pork to my spirit,  
Which you know is some kin to my ghost;  
I stop and cease to adore you  
In a fleeting old stove may I roast.

Your face it is stuck full of fatness,  
And pimples—howl on, if you please;  
It's dimples I mean, and me spellin'  
Makes me make a mistake with much ease;  
And I'm sure it resembles an angel's  
More than any I've happened to see,  
And, oh, for a life-lease upon it,  
Let no Irish apply there but me!

I'm out of my mind since you're in it,  
I'm a liar if this isn't true,  
And I am beside myself, surely,  
Since it is I am not beside you.  
The days are as dark as the nights, dear,  
And the nights are as dark as the days,  
And if you will be after coming,  
Don't hurry, but haste if you please.

For to gaze upon you, and behold you,  
Would be something I dearly should prize,  
I would rather die 'dome than me wages—  
The slight would be salve to these eyes!  
I am tired to death of your absence,  
So come here and take it away,  
And bring me a bit of your presence—  
If not sooner, then come now, I pray.

## Woods and Waters ;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

I.

## TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

You may not be able to find Littleton on the maps of New York State, but for all that it lies nestled in a snug little nook of its own, under the shadow of a great mountain, in full view of the romantic Hudson at its most romantic point. You know how the great river, flowing so placidly along from Albany to Newburgh, all of a sudden dives into the midst of a confusion of wooded highlands, describing a semicircle in its course, and almost surrounding West Point. Over West Point towers Cronin, and under the morning shadow of Cronin, almost out of hearing of the bugles at the Military Academy, nestle the white cottages and gray roofs of Littleton.

Littleton thinks a something of itself. It has a school-house, quite large enough to accommodate its scholars, two stores, a church with a spire, a tavern with a lively stable, and a blacksmith-shop. Moreover, Littleton has no less than three distinct parties. One meets at Luke Golliver's store to talk politics, read the paper aloud, and drink hard cider; that is the old farmer's party. The second meets at Widow Spriggins' sewing-circle every Friday evening to hold "intellectual converse" under the direction of Mrs. President Doves Briggs, who teaches the school. That is the young folks' party, boys and girls, intent on spelling-bees and reciting poetry. The third party was recently formed, and is the subject of these reminiscences; for wasn't I there when it was organized, and didn't I help to run it?

We used to meet at Old Mart's blacksmith-shop on almost any evening in the week—which, we were not particular. We all called him "Mart," and I hardly think any one in the village knew what his name was. Martin was something or other he must have been—Brown, Green or Smith—if I remember right, it was Sykes—but no one called him anything but "Old Mart," and I suppose that name will do as well as another for these pages.

Mart was the village blacksmith when he chose to work, but there was so little work to do that the forge-fire was out more than half the week, the smithy shut up, and Old Mart away on the mountain or down the river. Wherever he was, he was sure to be a knot of young fellows hanging about the place, and he was showing them how to circumvent the game with which the countryside then abounded.

For Mart, besides being a blacksmith, was a famous hunter and fisherman, the best in all Orange county, and I believe that with all his "lazy ways," as the farmers called them, he brought more money into Littleton than any other man in the village. Mart's fame as a hunter and his good-nature attracted city sportsmen to the place, and he would aid their friends, who came on their recommendation. The result was that the "Putnam Hotel" was generally full all the summer with young fellows up for a vacation, and Mart's business as a guide brought him in all the spare cash he wanted.

I suppose it was this fact that ultimately led to the formation of the Littleton Gun Club. There were a number of us who lived in the neighborhood, near West Point and Cornwall, and we didn't want the city men to monopolize Old Mart and all the game of the countryside. So we met together at Mart's smithy one evening, and out of the chance proposal of Oscar Ryder, one of our number, grew the Littleton Gun Club, which afterward turned out so many fine sportsmen. After that was said, Mart became a flourishing institution, and at the time I speak of had lived a happy life for two years.

We were not troubled with constitutions and by-laws. Any person in the club who had a jolly friend, no matter if he had never fired a gun in his life, could bring him in, and he was a member. All we required was that he should be civil, use no coarse language, and obey Old Mart's orders. Mart was our perpetual president, and settled all disputes as soon as they arose, by the simple process of telling the rest of the boys to "sit on" the disputants. And they all did it so effectively, and hammered the nonsense out of the bumptious new-comers so completely, that you never heard a loud or angry word at Mart's smithy.

I think I see the old fellow now, leaning on his anvil after his day's work, the rays of the evening sun shining through the open door, while the rest of the club gathered round the shop, sitting on old wagon bodies or wheels, but all grouped near Mart. His president's chair was the anvil, and his ravel was the shoeing-hammer that lay there, but he seldom had occasion to use it. When he did, there was order, mighty quick, I can tell you.

Mart was a long, thin, wiry old fellow, as dark in the face as a Spaniard, but that color of the sun, for his brown hair and gray-green eyes showed that his natural complexion was probably light. His knotted arms were by no means large, but they were as hard as bronze. One felt them, but he almost always had them bare. He wore a long, grizzled, sandy beard, long hair escaping from under a battered old white hat, and his dress generally consisted of dingy gray shirt and trousers, with rawhide boots, innocent of blacking. Coming on him in the woods on an autumn day, at a little distance, he had a ghastly, ghostly appearance, like the bark of an old tree, and he could make himself invisible in the woods quicker than any man I ever saw.

Near old Mart, on the nave of a wheel, sat our best shot and finest fellow, Captain Bruce of the army. Bruce was a mighty hun-

ter, who had killed almost every sort of game that runs and flies in America, while he was stationed out at the frontier posts. He belonged to the cavalry, and these were service posts, Oregon to Texas, but whenever he came home on leave, he always made for Littleton and our club, of which he was the pride and boast.

Bruce was a handsome fellow, and very careful about his hunting-dress, which was generally of gray velvet. Some of the boys called him a dandy when they first saw him, but they never repeated it after they had seen him hunt, for the dandy was the most untiring member of the party, and the best shot after old Mart. His bright blue eyes were as clear as Mart's greenish orbs, and his long, drooping flaxen mustache covered a regular fighting chin, square and resolute.

Next to Bruce sat Charley Green, little Charley with the pug nose, the favorite and butt of the club. Charley was very "fresh" in hunting matters, but made up in eagerness what he lacked in skill. He was in fact hunting-crazy, and so anxious to learn that everybody was glad to help him. He made immense blunders, but he was so hearty himself that no one else laughed at him so much as with him. Charley was got up in a black velvet suit, with a scarlet necktie, about as fit for the woods as a full-dress uniform, but nothing would induce him, and Mart had not ordered him yet.

Then there was Tom Deacon, the drygoods drummer, who spent all his vacations at Littleton; Long Coventry, the real estate man, who stood six feet two and weighed about a hundred and forty; Coventry prided himself on his likeness to Wild Bill, the famous scout, and put on a good many airs about it; Bob Murphy, the insurance clerk, with the reddest head at the Putnam Hotel, and three or four Littletonians, among whom the writer of these reminiscences sat in a quiet corner, a looker-on at Littleton.

"Tain't by no means difficult," old Mart was saying. "I kin teach any of you boys to shoot on the wing, if you'll only follow what I says, faithful."

"Oh, wouldn't I like to learn!" cried Charley Green. "It seems to me that I never shall be able to hit a bird on the wing. I blaze away and never hit a feather."

"There air jest one reason you don't hit 'em," said old Mart, kindly. "You've got to be a charge of shot in your gun, and you lets drive. That 'ere shot goes straight out o' that 'ere bar'l—jest as straight as a bee line fur a matter o' ten rods. Ef there's a bird in that 'ere line, that 'ere bird's got to get the shot out o' that 'ere bar'l. The trouble is, your bar'l don't print at the bird when you tech off the trigger, that's all."

"And will you teach me how to do it right?" said Charley, eagerly.

"Sartin, I will, and any of the boys as wants to learn," said Mart. "Thur's plenty o' light now fur a matter of an hour, and you've got your guns. Come down to the old target-ground, and we'll have a lecture on shooting by Mr. Mart Sykes."

We all jumped up, delighted, for we knew that old Mart, in his homely way, could tell us for a good deal. We all had our guns with us, for the club never met except in that way, and old Mart preceded us out of the back door of the smithy into the tenebrous, at the end of which stood Mart's barn. The old hunter went into his cottage beside the smithy for a moment, and returned carrying his old double-barreled gun and a number of big squares of paper under his arm.

"Now, young fellows," he said, when we arrived near the barn, "this here Charley Green is the wust shot o' the hull crowd, ain't he? Well, I'm a-go-in' to train that boy to be the best shot of ye all, 'cept Cap Bruce. What d'yer think the An'ers here leaves here to-night he'll kiver a spot correct. That's what's the matter. Here, you, Sime Lawrence, tack up this here target over the old 'uns, and we'll all hev a shay at 'em."

We could now notice that one end of the barn was all peppered over with little black spots, as if it had the small-pox, and a number of ragged squares of brown paper were tacked one over the other in the midst of this spotty region. Sime Lawrence, who was Mart's helper in the forge, went and tacked up a new piece of paper over the old ones, hiding the rags and leaving a clean buff surface, with a round black mark, the size of a dollar, in the middle. Then he took a whitewash brush, and began to hide all the former spots under the target.

Mart spoke next.

"Lecter by Mr. Sykes, *Esq.*—vay. Ahem! Gentlemen all, and you Charley Green in especial, you jest listen to what I say. Here we are, thirty measured yards from that 'ere target, and that 'ere spot represents a bird. You s'ys? Now none o' you young fellers kin ever become good shots, unless you find out why and how you miss. You fire at a bird in the air and miss him, but you don't know where your shot went. You fire at that target and miss it, and you kin find the charge that with all his kivered up the old shot-holes with fresh whitewash, and the new ones 'll show plain. You, Charley Green, load your gun and fire at that 'ere spot, sir."

Charley had a brand-new Remington breech-loader bought only the day before, of which he was very proud. In a moment he had thrown open the breech and put in a couple of cartridges, snapped to the gun, and was ready.

"Now, young fellow, fire quick and let's see where you go. Aim at the spot, remember, and aim quick. Fire away."

Charley, full of nervous excitement, pitched up his gun to his shoulder and led drive. The charge flew into the side of the barn, and we could see the splinters fly, but it was above the target at least three feet, and the crowd all to the right. Old Mart smiled grimly as he laid his hand on Charley's shoulder.

"You see your trouble now, young fellow. You didn't kiver that spot at all. If that had been a bird, you wouldn't have hit it. Now listen to me, Charley. You see that little brass stud on the end of the rib across your two bar'ls. That's the sight. Now you jest lay your eye to the holler in the rib at the breech of your gun and look along it at the black spot in the target. That sight ought to kiver the bottom of the rib. When it kivers you kiver. Then pull, and mind you don't pull off. You s'ays? Fire away!"

This time Charley drew up his gun slowly and took aim along the rib as Mart told him. Bang went the gun, and the charge rattled into the paper target, spotting it all over. Old Mart grinned again.

"That's better, but tain't perfect. You see the upper right-hand corner of the target. The left of the charge went in there and the bull's-eye to the right. You pulled off the gun in pulling the trigger, that's what you did. Now you jest cock that gun, empty as she is, and aim at that spot. Then you pull both triggers, one arter the other, and see if you can't get the sight right."

Again Charley did as he was directed.

"Yes, sir. First barrel, the sight moved. Second barrel, she was all steady."

"Well, then," said old Mart, "you jest cock her again and aim at my right eye. I'll soon see if you pull."

"But isn't it dangerous?" asked Charley, timidly.

"Not when I tell you to do it, young fellow," said Mart, gravely. "I'm the boss here, but don't you do this to any one but the boss, on the boss's orders. Now do it."

Again Charley obeyed orders, while we watched with some interest. Snap went the first barrel.

"You pulled off, youngster. Don't do that again," said the old hunter sternly. "Cock the gun and repeat."

The second time, Charley apparently did better. Mart watched the sight and his pupil's eye approvingly.

"Try her again, and begin to do it quick," he said.

Five or six times the young fellow repeated

the trial, till Mart said: "There, that'll do. Load her up again and fire at that target. Stop. You, Sime, put on a fresh target. Now, Charley, you jest remember that quick and correct kiver is the hull science of shootin'. Don't you never shoot no birds sittin'. It's mean. A target's the thing to learn at. You don't waste powder and shot. Now, Sime's ready. Aim quick, aim correct, and give her both bar'ls, one arter the other."

Bang, bang, went Charley's gun, and the target was riddled with holes.

"Now, boys, come down, and let's see what our wust shot has done," said Mart, starting for the target. When he got there he resumed his lecture:

"Look here, boys. You see them black places in a big hole. Them's the center's of the two charges. Them's what kills, sure. One of 'em's right on the bull's-eye, and the other's a matter o' two inches low. Them was both killin' shots. Now, young fellow, you've had your first lesson in shootin'. Don't you forget it. Practice in your own room at a spot on the wall with an empty gun. Do it whenever you get a chance. Her two spots, one at each side of your room, and wheel about from one to the other, till you kin kiver quick. That's the hull secret of shootin'." End of Mr. Sykes's first lecture. I'm a-go-in' arter squirrels on the mountain to-morrow.

Well, that was it. "I" and "I" came from a number of voices.

"Well, then, be ready at dawn, for I'm out afore sun-up," said the hunter, turning away.

"Good-night, boys."

And the Littleton Gun Club broke up for the night.

## ENDEAVOR.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Lifting the burdens one by one,  
With profit and pleasure in the hours,  
Leaving no duty e'er undone.

Instead the time I'dly pass,  
Or fill the days with work ill-done,  
And look at life but through a glass.

My wasted moments I bewail,  
And for perfection of my ways,  
I only strive, and striving fail.

And yet perhaps some angel good,  
For I will do, and I will do,  
Smiles as for doing what I would.

## The Mysterious Indian.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTUMN leaves lay deep along the banks of the Republican, and the blue mist of Indian summer hung low over plain and forest of Nebraska.

A wreath of blue smoke rising from amidst the tall, bristling cottonwoods near the trail of the emigrants, where the emigrant-party had gone into camp for a few days to rest their wearied animals and repair damages after a long journey over the plains of Nebraska.

It was a merry little party of some twenty persons from the west, on their journey had been out of continuous pleasure so far, despite the dangers that were known to beset their way.

There were four women in the party, and one of these was the pretty little vivacious daughter of Major Tipton. Ada Tipton, as she was called, was yet to see her way to a husband, to know her was to love her. If a stranger, Indian or white man, chanced to call at camp, Ada was sure to become the object of their rude, covetous stare, much to the maiden's embarrassment and the fear of her friends.

No one had enjoyed the journey across the prairies more than Ada. The open air and beauties of nature around her had given an additional glow to her cheeks and exuberance to her spirit, and no sooner had they gone into camp than she, in company with the children, rambling off into the timber to enjoy the ripe glories of the October woods in the mellow evening air.

No one dreamed of danger lurking near the ford, and even when Ada and the children were alone, they went to the bank and discovered a horseman approaching they felt no fears. The horseman called to them, and they stopped until he came up. His face was not calculated to inspire confidence in the breast of any one, and when Ada caught sight of his eyes she instinctively shrank back. But the stranger spurred his horse up to her, and without a word leaped forward in his stirrups, and throwing his arm about her waist, lifted her from the ground.

Then Ada screamed, and the children, wild with alarm, ran toward camp, crying at the top of their lungs.

Those at camp heard Ada's cry, and at once started in the direction whence the sound came. They met the children coming in, who told them a strange tale of a man and a woman, and the report of a rifle came rolling through the woods, increasing the surprise and consternation of the emigrants. Major Tipton, revolver in hand, hurried on to his daughter's rescue. Off, a little to the right, he suddenly discovered the figure of an Indian, in a crouching position, gliding among the trees like an assassin.

"Ah!" exclaimed the major, "there goes that accursed Red Jacket, that has hung upon our trail like a vulture ever since we crossed the Missouri!"

"Father! oh, father!" suddenly burst from the woods before them, and looking ahead, the men saw Ada rising from the earth where lay the prostrate form of a man.

In a moment the maiden was in the arms of her father.

"My child, what in God's name is the matter?" the father cried.

"Oh, father!" sobbed the maiden, "a fierce and cruel-looking man rode up to where we were, and he tried to put his arms about me, but he had not gone far when I saw the blood burst from his forehead, and then he uttered an awful groan and together we fell to the earth. He is dead; but I know not what killed him!"

"Do you hear the report of a rifle?" the major asked.

"No, sir; though one might have been fired and I not heard it, I was so frightened."

"Well, well," said the major, thoughtfully, "here is a bit of a mystery, boys."

"It rather looks so, major," replied Old Jack Thorne; "but mebbe as what the Red Jacket is our guardian angel."

"That's not very likely, inasmuch as he is an Indian; but, then, somebody has saved my child, if it had been the Red Jacket, he certainly wouldn't have run away from us as he was doing when we caught a glimpse of him. But there is something strange about that Indian. It has been two weeks since we first saw him, and every day since then have we seen him following us up, though keeping off on the ridges out of reach."

The body of the dead man was examined, but they could gain no clue as to who he was. Upon his body, however, they found a rudely sketched map of the immediate vicinity. The Republican River was indicated by a blue line, and Indian Trail Ford by a black dot. Upon the left side of the river above the ford, and upon the very spot where the emigrants had pitched their camp, were two red dots, around which was drawn a black circle. The map appeared to have been recently made, and it left no doubt in our friends' minds that it had been prepared to aid in the abduction of Ada. But then, whoever the villain or villains were, they must have anticipated the emigrants stopping there, or else had gained a knowledge of the fact surreptitiously.

The body of the stranger was at once interred where it lay, when all returned to camp. It was some time before the excitement consequent upon the abduction and the mysterious disappearance of the stranger subsided. The shadows of evening warned the emigrants that they must make ar-

rangements for the night, and prepare to guard against further dangers.

While the rest of the men were engaged in gathering fuel, unharnessing the horses and arranging the wagons into a corral, Major Tipton proceeded to light a fire.

A fire from those around him suddenly arrested his attention, and looking up he was startled to see the mysterious Indian whom they had called Red Jacket, from the flaming vest he wore, emerge from the shadows of the woods, and advance with the soft, cat-like tread of a panther toward them.

He was a small, lithe, supple fellow, with a thin face, a large nose, and keen, black eyes that seemed to burn into everything they rested upon. He was certainly a remarkable person, and he seemed to be feared more than admired. His sinuous, gliding step reminded one of the serpent, his keen, restless eyes the tiger. The major stepped back and laid his hand upon his revolver. The Indian saw the motion, and shook his head.

"You are you, Indian?" the major now demanded.

"Ingin—only Ingin," was the laconic reply, by a very peculiar voice.

"Well, what can we do for you?—what brings you here?"

"Oh, nothing much," the Indian answered, running his keen eyes over the ground around him in a manner that recalled the map and red dots to Tipton's mind.

"Well, are we to consider you a friend or foe?"

"Yes," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Well, what?"

"No difference," and the Indian continued walking about, examining the ground as if looking for something.

"Well, that's cool, queer and impudent," said the major to old Jack Thorne, in a low tone.

"Rather, I should say, major," replied Jack; "but you go on with your fire, and I'll keep an eye on that laddy-buck, and if he attempts any more to ram a bullet through his anatomy."

The major, completely astounded by the conduct of the Indian, got down upon his knees, whittled some shavings from a dry limb and applied a lighted match to the same. Then as the flames gathered strength he put on more fuel, and as the light reached out around them, it revealed the face of the Indian wreathed in a strange smile.

The major was completely surprised by this queer conduct of the Indian, and resolved to keep an eye on him. The Indian, however, did not seem to care for the major's presence, and Mrs. Tipton and her daughter began the preparation of supper for their family. Other fires were lighted and the other women went to work, also; and soon the aroma of cooking viands filled the air. The women, however, labored under great difficulties, for between watching the queer-acting Indian, and attending to their duties, they were kept busy and in a constant state of fear.

Suddenly a scream burst from Mrs. Tipton's lips and she started back, her eyes fixed upon the Indian, who stood before her, looking like one horrified.

"Why, Mary, what in the world is the matter with you?" her husband asked, advancing to her side.

"Did you not hear that voice, Jonathan?" she asked.

"No; what voice?"

"A groan! It came from the flames, and at the same time the whole fire moved."

"Good gracious, Mary, I think you are mistaken."

"Mebbe, major," said old Jack Thorne, in an undertone, "that Ingin has bewitched the fire. He looks like a wizard—look at him."

The Indian stood a couple of rods to one side, his head erect and his keen eyes fixed upon the major's fire. In his hand he clutched a revolver.

"What does he mean?" said the major; "he's got to explain, or I'll tie him up to a sapling—Heavens!"

There arose a frightful curse and groan from beneath the camp-fire, and the next moment the fire was thrown in every direction, and, Phoenix-like, out of the very midst of the flame rose two human forms wrapped in blankets! They were the forms of men—one a white man and the other an Indian. In the shade of each was a clutched a tomahawk, but before they could raise these deadly weapons, in case they intended to, at all, both men fell dead—shot down by the hand of Red Jacket, who had stood, like a tiger in his native jungle waiting the approach of the spring-brook.

"Red-skin!" exclaimed the major, in consternation, "what does this bloody tragedy mean?"

"Business," replied the Red Jacket, in a clear tone, and then he burst into a fit of rollicking laughter that rung through the woods, and told much yez could not be said in a more fitting Indian disguise; "it means business, major," he went on, "for that's the very stuff that old Dave Purdy, hunter, trapper, scout and guide likes in hissen. Catch me asleep, will yez a nule's heels not atterstandary when the nule's eye's closed—not by a long shot. I knowed them devils were ensconced—buried that afore you arrived. I've had my eye on 'em and my ears open ever since you left the South Platte. They knowed you was goin' to stop here, and they made arrangements to clean you out to-night. Them two devils war to rise in the midst of camp, or thereabouts, for they knew you'd encamp on this spot, and seize Ada, while others attacked from the outside. When I see'd you build your fire on the very spot where I knowed by the condition of the ground, that 'em cockatores were concealed, I wanted to explode with laughter. I knowed the sod'd warm through and h'ist the worthies afore they war ready for action. So you see, major, Dave Purdy has twice saved your angel darter from captivity."

"Then it was you who shot that villain in the woods?"

"Put a bullet right smack through his noggin; and, major, if I war forty or fifty years younger, cuss my pickers if I didn't demand that his hand o' yours in matrimony, or else turn freebooter and kidnap her. Lord Harry! no wonder Captain Chris Palmer is in—"

"Captain Chris Palmer?" exclaimed the major, "what do you know of him?"

"Why, I've been his scout for five years," replied Purdy; "and he's one o' the best youngsters that ever pumped wind into human lungs. He loves your darter, and your darter—"

"What?"

"Loves him; and although you refused him her hand in wedlock, he was the noble, forgiving soul to send me to watch over your train; and whether I've done any good or not, you can judge; and if so, credit it up to the account of Captain Palmer."

"Purdy," said the major, drawing the old scout to one side, "when you see Captain Palmer again, tell him that I will no longer stand between him and Ada. I would be a monster to do so, inasmuch as—"

"The captain's account and yours balance?" interrupted the old frontiersman.

"Yes, exactly," replied the major, and while the men were removing the dead bodies of the enemy, he sought Ada and told her all; and that night there was a new-born joy in the camp by the Republican.

## How Bob Got Even.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

BOB DENSMORE, lounging on the college campus, heard his name spoken, and looked up to see a couple of students passing; but neither of them saw him.

"That fellow from Boston!" said Bob, scornfully. "I'd like to pull his nose for him, the impudent, conceited puppy."

"That fellow from Boston" wasn't a very particular friend of Bob's. Bob had been quite intimate with a certain pretty maiden with the brightest of mischievous eyes, and the most bewitching of smiles, before the Boston gentleman came. Since his advent Bob's star had been waning. The girl of the bright eyes had transferred her favor to the Boston gentleman, and

as a natural consequence, Bob felt a trifle sore over it.

"So you think I cut Densmore out, eh?" St. Clair was saying, as they passed Bob. There was a kind of self-congratulation in the way in which he said it, that made Bob feel decidedly pugnacious.

"Of course you have," answered St. Clair's companion. "Miss Lucie hasn't a smile for any one but you now. Before you came, Densmore got all the smiles to be had in that direction."

"I wonder how he takes it?" asked St. Clair. "Not being very dead in earnest, he probably doesn't lay it to heart much," was the reply.

"No, probably not," responded St. Clair. "But then, after all, it must make a fellow feel deuced cheap to have some one step in and cut him out, even if he isn't in dead earnest."

One would have inferred from St. Clair's self-satisfied tone that he didn't know what it was to be "cut out."

"You conceived fool," thought Bob. "I'll be even with you yet. Make a note of that."

Bob had never really "cared a continental" for Lucie Osgood. He liked to call there to pass away time, and he liked to flirt with her, but he had never been in earnest. But it piqued him and hurt his vanity to think some one had more influence over the capricious Miss Lucie than he had.

Shortly after that there was a party in town, and Lucie, Bob, and "that fellow from Boston" were there.

Bob was among the gayest. He didn't try to avoid Lucie in the least. He laughed and chatted with her the same as with the other girls. Bob was one of the most popular boys in school, and it piqued Lucie to see how little he seemed to take her recreancy into heart, so she tried to be rather more winning than she had been of late.

She hated to see her admirers shaking